



THE ANTIOCH NEWS.



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WHY NOT ENFORCE ORDINANCE

Open Mufflers are Becoming Annoying And Complaints are Heard

ORDINANCE PASSED IN 1917

In view of the fact that during the very interesting speech of Serg. Barre, Tuesday evening of last week, the departing autos were allowed to make so much noise turning around on Main street with wide open mufflers, that the speaker was obliged to pause for about five minutes for the commotion to subside so that those who wished to hear him might do so, and also having in mind the annoying feature of being compelled to listen to the many machines passing at all hours of the night with a seeming delight in heralding their coming with a wide open muffler, I feel that it is time that a few remarks were due.

A few days after the meeting in question where the speaker was completely drowned out with the noise, the marshal was approached on the subject, and his reply was that he knew it was a nuisance but he couldn't help it as there was no ordinance to prevent it, and thinking it possible that other people might also believe this to be the case, I make the following statement: That in April of last year with W. S. Rinear as President and Harry A. Isaacs as Village Clerk the Village Board passed an ordinance entitled "An Ordinance Governing The Use of Automobiles or Other Motor Vehicles on The Streets of The Village of Antioch." This ordinance was passed, April 17, 1917. Approved April 17, 1917, and published April 26, 1917.

Section 1, of this ordinance says: That it shall be unlawful for any person using, operating, driving or propelling any automobile, motorcycle or other motor vehicle on any street, alley or public way in the Village of Antioch, to at any time discontinue the use of the muffler on any such vehicle while such vehicle is being used, operated, driven or propelled upon any street or public way in said Village.

Section 3, provides that no motor vehicle shall turn around in any street or avenue of the village except at a street intersection.

Section 4 states, that when any motor vehicle is left for a longer time than five minutes upon Main street anywhere between the intersection of Johnson street and Sequoit Creek, the Marshal shall require that such vehicle shall be parked at the curb in a position facing and fronting toward such curb or edge of street so that the right hand side of such vehicle shall be at an angle as nearly as possible of forty five degrees with such curb or edge of street.

Section 5, provides that any person violating the provisions of the ordinance upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than three dollars, nor more than two hundred dollars for each offense.

This ordinance was not enforced under the reign of our former marshal, and it is possible that it may have been overlooked and forgotten in the past year, but so annoying has the situation become that I deem it time that the ordinance of April 17, 1917, be resuscitated and enforced.

I have often heard the remark, "What's the use when we get a violator he always gets off on some technicality anyway, and I admit that in the past this has been true. There was no ordinance prior to April 17, 1917, which defined what might be termed a nuisance, but on that date such an ordinance was passed and approved and on the 28th of the same month it was published and put in force, now if anyone violates, the ordinance governing the use of autos etc., upon our streets they may be fined for such an offense providing they are not willing to heed the warning of the marshal, and it now looks as though it is up to the marshal to enforce the ordinance, and up to the village board to stand back of him when he does so.

A Subscriber.

Electricity.
New York is estimated to have 2,500 commercial electric vehicles, Chicago 1,000, and Philadelphia 160.

Hard Coal Users Limited to Four Tons

Louis P. Erakine, county fuel administrator, has instructed wholesale and retail dealers of fuel to limit hard coal orders to four tons a family.

The orders went into effect Monday morning.

There are hundreds of orders on the books of coal dealers of the city and county calling for from five to twenty tons of coal, but the fuel administrator was emphatic in his order to sell not over four tons to an order.

A check will be made to ascertain if duplicate orders are placed with the various coal dealers. Persons who pursue this method in an attempt to fill their bins will be arrested immediately and prosecuted by the government.

At this time it is believed that Lake county's coal shortage for the approaching winter may run as high as 30,000 tons. This is merely an estimate.

The latest ruling of the fuel administrator was made to stop hoarding and to enable every one to "share and share alike."

HIGHWAY NOTICE Public Letting of Road Work

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned officials of the Town of Antioch, at the Town Hall, in Antioch, at 3 o'clock p. m., Thursday, Sept. 12, 1918, for the gravelling of the following roads:

The Pikeville road from near the center of Section 3, 46-10 northerly and easterly for a distance of three fourths of a mile, more or less.

Antioch-Fox Lake Road from near the Grim School on the north lines of Section 19, southerly to the Grass Lake Road, a distance of nearly three-fourths of a mile.

Said improvement shall consist of furnishing, delivering and spreading pit-run gravel, using three (3) cubic yards per lineal rod of road.

Each bidder will state in his proposal the name and location of the pit from which he proposes to furnish gravel.

Right is reserved to increase or diminish amount of work to be done to the extent of twenty (20) per cent as conditions may be found to warrant.

Each bidder shall tender with his bid for each road a certified check of fifty (\$50.00) dollars, made payable to the Town Clerk of the Town of Antioch, as a guarantee that if awarded contract he will promptly enter into contract and file a good and sufficient bond.

Work shall begin within ten (10) days after the awarding of contract, and shall be completed by December 15, 1918. Work shall be performed in accordance with plans and specifications furnished by the County Superintendent of Highways, and to his entire satisfaction, and to the satisfaction of and under the direction of the Commissioner of Highways of Antioch. Monthly payments of eighty-five (85) per cent of the amount of completed work as estimated by the County Superintendent of Highways will be allowed, except where said monthly estimates may be less than one-fifth of the amount of contract.

Dated at Antioch, Illinois, this 24th day of August A. D., 1918.

Frank Dunn,
Commissioner of Highways.
C. F. Richards,
Town Clerk.

Charles E. Russell,
Co. Supt. of Highways.

A Wonderful Chance for Anyone Seeking a Piano

One of Chicago's leading piano firms is disposing of a floor full of exchanged pianos. In this lot are Steinways, Fischers, Sterlings and many other well known, including Yose, Bauer, Shoninger, Weber, etc.

Some of these pianos are quite old and will sell for very little. There are others that you could hardly tell from new. All these pianos are being sold without reserve in order to clear an entire floor of the big building on the corner of Wabash avenue and Adams street.

The Central Piano Company, which is holding this sale, is well and favorably known. For many years it has been one of the musical landmarks of Chicago.

Any reader who wishes to do so can have one of these pianos reserved for him by writing promptly. These pianos will be sold at cash prices, but anyone who wishes to take two years' time to pay for an instrument can do so if he or she is favorably known in his home town.

The freight on a piano is so small, only about \$5.00, that we believe a number of our people will send in for a list of these pianos and secure one of these remarkable values.

REUNION OF EDWARDS FAMILY

Decendents of Thomas Edwards Meet to Talk Over Events of Former Years

OVER FIFTY WERE PRESENT

A most interesting family gathering took place at the old Edwards homestead in Newport township on Sunday afternoon, August 25.

There were gathered more than fifty descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edwards including the families of Geo. William and Charles, Mary, now Mrs. A. W. Harvey and Alice the widow of V. A. Fenlon. During the dinner hour a narrative history was read from which the following extracts were taken.

Thos. Edwards was of a family of 5 children. Dr. Jos. Edwards, a veterinary surgeon; Thomas, our forebear, who was apprenticed at the age of 14 to the wagon-maker's trade; Ann, Sarah and George, who became a sheep rancher in Australia.

Thomas, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 25th day of February, 1807, in Bristol, England, and survived all his brothers and sisters. As a young man he received a common school education at a master's school in Shropshire.

On the first of April, 1839, in Staffordshire, Mr. Edwards and Miss Mary A. Warren were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Unto Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were born nine children, six of whom are living. Thomas Jr., died in infancy in Kenosha, Wis., Emily J., died at the age of nine years and Sarah died in infancy, both in Lake county, Ill.

The living children are Ann, born in England and who became the wife of Edward Turk, now of Osceola, Clark county, Iowa; George, born at Southport (Kenosha), Wis., and owns the home farm; William Henry, who learned the brick-layers trade and lives in Chicago; Charles Alfred, who lives at Russell, Ill.; Mary L., who became the wife of Wayne Harvey and lives at Grayslake, Ill.; and Alice, the widow of V. A. Fenlon and lives in Chicago.

Mr. Edwards worked at the wagon-maker's trade until 1843, when he severed his business connections in England and sailed for America. After a stormy ocean trip of nine weeks they arrived and went to Troy, New York, to visit Mrs. Edward's brother, coming westward through the Erie Canal and up the Great Lakes, they finally landed at Southport, now Kenosha, Wis. Their stay there covered a period of three years where Mr. Edwards worked for the Mitchell Wagon Manufacturing Co.

Our present shortage of wheat flour recalls an anecdote. While living in Kenosha there came a time when not a pound of white flour could be bought and Mr. Edwards hated corn meal, so he walked to Chicago a distance of 51 miles, and carried home a sack of white flour on his shoulder. Incidentally Mr. Edwards said that Chicago was then a mere mud hole.

In 1846 he came to Lake county and preempted eighty acres of Government land on Section 7, Newport township. This farm on the hill is variously known as the old Hutchinson or Heydecker place. Some remember hearing it told that Mr. Edwards walked to Chicago to have the deed recorded. He continued the development of this farm until 1857.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were formerly members of the church of Edwards but as there was no church of that denomination near them they joined the Congregational church and were faithful workers in its interests to the end of their lives. In politics he was a Whig, with strong anti-slavery sentiments and when the Republican party was organized he espoused its cause.

After a time they decided to try a new venture and go still further west. So the farm on the hill was sold and in the spring of 1857 the trip through Missouri to the Kansas frontier was undertaken. They loaded their household effects into two covered wagons and started with six horses and 30 head of cattle. Mr. Edwards drove one team, Ann drove the other, and George and Will took turns driving the cattle. The covered wagons were

17th Annual Browe Reunion Held

The 17th annual reunion of Browe school was held on Thursday, August 22nd, 1918. About 300 of the scholars of the school were present. Everybody had an enjoyable time. At one time, in the afternoon, there could be counted over 300 persons, some old and gray, some young and some as young as two months old. One couple was there, grandparents of 26 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Of course, everybody knows who this was, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wells. There were counted 30 old scholars, who attended school there prior to 1870. Several teachers were in attendance. The day was ideal.

After dinner and during the afternoon many pleasant little family gatherings were had and many incidents recounted at the business office. The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year:

President, C. T. Heydecker.
Vice President, Frank Wells of Kenosha.

Executive committee, F. G. Diekmeyer, Emma Heydecker and Ed. Ames.

The old fiddlers, Billy Wells, John Strook and James Hoyer, substituting for Joseph Dietmeyer were there. Songs were sung. Dances were had by the old folks to the tunes of the violin.

At about 5 o'clock the auto horns began to sound and in 10 or 15 minutes all had left the grounds, speeding away to Kenosha, Evanston, Waukegan and elsewhere with the firm resolve to be in attendance next year on the fourth Thursday of August. Warm handshaking and some tears of sympathy were expressed by those present, but all in all a very enjoyable time was had.

Exempt Farmers Until Frost is on Pumpkin

Farmers in Lake County who in keeping with the statement of President Wilson, are actively, completely and assiduously engaged in farming, are to be relieved of the threat of call in military service for the present.

This was the announcement of the exemption board chairman of the nation.

Farmers will not be called into service until the "frost of the pumpkin" and the fodder in the shock.

The names of all of the men who are engaged in farming will be passed and these men will not be included in the September drafts.

If the calls made by the government can be met in any other way so men working on a farm will be called in September.

It may be that if heavy calls for men are made in the latter part of September that it will be necessary to call some of these men to the colors, but a pretty close study of the lists show they will be able to meet small calls without going into the list of men who are actively and assiduously engaged in farm work.

These men of course will be placed first on the list for call after the crops are harvested and their numbers will be placed first in the lists and ahead of the numbers of men who may be registered under the proposed new registration. These men are for the most part in the 1918 registration and of this registration we have just 20 men in class 1 at this time.

equipped with sleeping quarters. In one wagon box Mr. Edwards had constructed a false bottom and he took \$2,000 in gold hidden between the floors of this wagon. Taking a southwesterly direction and driving their stock ahead of them, they crossed the Mississippi river at Quincy by ferry. Farther on they would not let Mr. Edwards cross the boundary as he was an anti-slavery man, so he turned back, recrossing the river at Burlington, again on ferry. They returned to Lake county and on August 15, 1857, Mr. Edwards purchased from Thomas Larabee the present homestead of 110 acres which was afterward his home, paying \$3100 for it. The present home was built in 1866, the barn in 1868 and the granary and wagon house in 1871.

Mr. Edwards led a quiet, unassuming life faithfully discharging his duties of citizenship and won the kindly regards of all with whom he came in contact. He and Mrs. Edwards were widely known throughout this community where they had many friends.

Mr. Edwards died May 18, 1895, and Mrs. Edwards followed him November 29, 1908. More than fifty descendants covering four generations gathered at this home-coming, the older ones recalling their early associations for the delectation of the younger generations.

WRECK TIES UP TRAFFIC

Number 8 Meets Freight in Head-on Collision Tuesday Morning

NO ONE SERIOUSLY INJURED

Traffic on this division of the Soo Line was tied up for twenty-four hours when passenger train No. 8, southbound, due at Antioch at 11:05 met a northbound freight in a head-on collision, in the cut just north of the Antioch creamery Tuesday forenoon.

So forcibly did the two engines come together that the report was heard in nearly every part of the village. One engine was driven almost inside of the other and when pulled apart by the wrecker, the passenger engine was little more than a pile of junk, the cab was so completely shattered that it was nowhere in evidence. The front was stove in and about all that remained was the wheels and the boiler. The freight engine fared somewhat better, but it was also badly shattered. The first car on No. 8, was filled with cans of milk, it was torn loose from its couplings, thrown from the track, turned on its side and laid a shattered pile of splinters ahead of its own engine. The second car on the train was also a milk car, it was raised up and driven ahead until it had run over the tender, which was so completely ground to pieces that all that remained of it was the trucks. Miraculously every passenger coach remained on the rails and suffered no damage whatever.

Five freight cars laden with soft coal were completely demolished. They were turned crosswise of the track the ends were driven into the bank on either side, one was driven underneath another and so shattered were they, that it was hard to realize that they had ever been aught but kindling.

The accident took place at a bend in the road about a quarter of a mile north of the station, and the fact that the engineer on number eight was following his usual custom of slowing up for the curve was all that prevented a much more serious affair. According to his story, as he was rounding the curve he saw the oncoming freight and realizing that a collision was unavoidable, he applied the emergency brake and jumped, calling to his firemen to do the same, thus they were both out of the way when the crash came. There is little doubt, that had they stuck to the engine both would have been killed.

Louie Fisher, the engineer on the freight also set the brakes and jumped, receiving no injuries, he was followed by the fireman, who in jumping sustained a sprained ankle, a gash on the side of his head and a few minor bruises. He was taken at once to the home of Percy Hawkins and a physician was called to ascertain the extent of his injuries. In the afternoon he was sent to his home at Fond du Lac. The passengers, most of whom claim that they felt no especial jar other than the grinding of the emergency brake, were all uninjured with the exception of one lady who complained of a twisted ankle, but when they alighted and saw what a narrow escape they had had, there was a few cases of nerves, and a general thanking of their lucky stars that they were alive to tell the story.

It is a difficult matter to attach blame to any one, as stories regarding it vary so widely and those most immediately concerned are the ones to say the least. The passenger train was exactly on time and the engineer supposed that he had the right of way clear. One story is to the effect that the freight engineer had his time an hour slow and governed by it he was calculating on passing No. 8, at Silver Lake, but whatever the cause may have been, the effect was a serious mixup, from which all were most fortunate to escape as they did. One thing is sure however, and that is, that the trouble was not due to a defective switch as stated in the Chicago papers, it was due entirely to the freight being where it should not have been, but through whose fault will have to be settled later.

Occurring as it did between two steep banks, it was impossible to lay a track around and consequently traffic was tied up until the debris could be removed. No. 7 made its usual trip as far as Antioch transferred the passengers around, but the other trains were re-routed.

Hundreds of people from all parts of the county visited the scene during the afternoon and evening, and kodaks were catching views from every angle.

Additional Locals

Mrs. Jos. Panowski and two children spent the past week with relatives at Forest Park.

Dr. O'Neil and brother of Chicago spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Ruth VanPatten.

Corbett's saloon was broken into some time Saturday morning. About seventy-five dollars was taken.

I will be in my office until 9 p. m., for the accommodation of hunters wanting license. J. C. James.

Mrs. Chas. Smith and children returned to their home in Evanston on Wednesday after spending the past two weeks with Antioch relatives.

On account of our heavy run of advertising this week, we are obliged to shorten up our correspondents and other matter to a considerable extent.

Sid Dibble will open the cider mill on the Rogers place, Sept. 1st, and will take in apples for grinding every Monday and Tuesday from that time on. S.

Rev. Stixrud will give his lecture on "Why We Are At War With Germany" at the Hickory church on Labor day evening at 8 o'clock. Everybody invited.

LOST—Tire and license plate 33x4 U. S. Chain Thread, License No. 1121, between Burlington and Antioch. Finder, please return to Wm. Rosenberg, Burlington, and receive reward.

A. K. Stearns of Lake Bluff, candidate for a seat in the General Assembly has made arrangements with the Antioch band, to join with them at the band concert tomorrow (Friday) evening, and at an intermission he will give a ten minute political talk.

Mrs. Corbin entertained a number of friends at her home at Cross Lake last Friday afternoon at an aluminum shower in honor of Miss Louise Hillebrand. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent in playing cards and Miss Hillebrand was the recipient of a complete kitchen outfit, of aluminum as well as several other nice pieces of the same ware.

A. M. Christensen had a real surprise last Thursday when his brother D. M. Christensen, whom he had not seen for six years walked in to pay him a visit. The two brothers had completely lost track of each for several years so the surprise was all the more complete. Corp. Christensen who enlisted in the Aviation corps stopped over in Antioch while on his way from New York to the State of Washington.

Last Thursday night, Elmer Brook spoiled the plans of a couple of young men who were looking for a free ride, when he detected them hanging around the Stanton barn at about 12 o'clock. Watching from cover he saw them hitch up the Stanton rig and drive away. Then awakening the owners of the horse and buggy he took out his machine and gave chase. The culprits were overtaken on the Channel road but managed to avoid capture by leaving the rig and running across the field.

On Monday, Aug. 26th, Mrs. Geo. E. Webb received a letter from Ray which stated that he was feeling almost like himself again. In his letter dated July 11th, Webb said he had been laid up with a lame back ever since he went over the top on July 4th, but hoped to be out to drill in a few days. He had just come back from the front line trenches and said it had rained all the time the boys were gone and they had to stand in two feet of mud and water, so some of the boys came home with sore feet. Ray said he and the two Red had been up (first line trenches three times and over the top once) they had been with the British.

Obituary

Miss Maria N. Cobb was born in Syracuse, New York, March 17, 1846, and came with her parents to Illinois when eleven years of age. Here she grew to womanhood and on the second day of February 1868 she was united in marriage to Alonzo P. Little. To this union eight daughters were born, seven of whom remain with the father to mourn her loss. They are Mrs. Robt. Runyard, Mrs. Wm. Runyard, Mrs. Chas. Runyard, all of Antioch, Mrs. E. E. Hawkins of Kolze, Mrs. Henry Cable of Lake Villa, Mrs. Arthur Pedersen of Bath, N. H. and Mrs. Fred Fowles of Grass Lake. The third daughter, Mrs. Frank Runyard passed away several years ago.

Mrs. Little departed this life August 21, 1918, after a lingering illness, at the age of 62 years. The greater portion of her life was spent in the vicinity of Grass Lake where she was very well and favorably known. Besides many relatives she leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

"Outwitting the Hun"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN

(Copyright, 1918, by Pat O'Brien)

AFTER WEEKS OF HARDSHIP O'BRIEN MEETS A FRIEND WHO OFFERS TO HELP HIM ON HIS WAY.

Synopsis.—Pat O'Brien, a resident of Moline, Ill., after seeing service in the American Flying Corps on the Mexican border in 1916, joins the British Royal Flying Corps in Canada, and after a brief training period is sent to France. He is assigned to a squadron in active service on the front. He engages in several hot fights with German German flyers, O'Brien is shot down. He falls 8,000 feet and, escaping death by a miracle, awakes to find himself a prisoner in a German hospital, with a bullet hole in his mouth. After a few days in the hospital he is sent to a prison camp at Courtrai. After a short stay there he is placed upon a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He decides to take a desperate chance for liberty. He leaps through the open window of the car while the train is traveling 35 miles an hour. His wounds reopened by the fall, O'Brien almost literally crawling through Germany and Luxembourg, traveling at night and sleeping by day, living on garbage and raw vegetables stolen from gardens. He is driven almost to desperation by hunger and, reaching Belgium, he risks detection by going in the middle of the night to the home of a Belgian family, where he obtains the first cooked food he had tasted in 18 days.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The knack of making fire with two pieces of dry wood I had often read about, but I had never put it to a test and for various reasons I concluded that it would be unsafe for me to build a fire even if I had matches. In the first place, there was no absolute need for it. I didn't have anything to cook nor utensils to cook it in even if I had. While the air was getting to be rather cool at night, I was usually on the go at that time and didn't notice it. In the daytime, when I was resting or sleeping, the sun was usually out.

To have borrowed matches from a Belgian peasant would have been feasible, but when I was willing to take the chance of approaching anyone, it was just as easy to ask for food as matches.

In the second place, it would have been extremely dangerous to have built a fire even if I had needed it. You can't build a fire in Belgium, which is the most thickly populated country in Europe, without everyone knowing it, and I was far from anxious to advertising my whereabouts. The villages in that part of Belgium through which I was making my course were so close together that there was hardly ever an hour passed without my hearing some clock strike. Every village has its clock. Many times I could hear the clocks striking in two villages at the same time.

But the hour had very little interest to me. My program was to travel as fast as I could from sunset to sunrise and pay no attention to the hours in between, and in the daytime I had only two things to worry about: keep concealed and get as much sleep as possible.

The cabbage that I got in Belgium consisted of the small heads that the peasants had not cut. All the strength had concentrated in these little heads and they would be as bitter as gall. I would have to be pretty hungry today before I could ever eat cabbage again and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips and sugar beets—especially sugar beets.

It is rather a remarkable thing that today even a smell of turnips, raw or cooked, makes me sick, and yet a few short months ago my life depended upon them.

Night after night as I searched for food, I was always in hopes that I might come upon some tomatoes or celery—vegetables which I really liked, but with the exception of once, when I found some celery, I was never so fortunate. I ate so much of the celery the night I came upon it that I was sick for two days thereafter, but I carried several bunches away with me and used to chew on it as I walked along.

Of course, I kept my eyes open all the time for fruit trees, but apparently it was too late in the year for fruit, as all that I ever was able to find were two pears, which I got out of a tree. That was one of my red-letter days, but I was never able to repeat it.

In the brooks and ponds that I passed I often noticed fish of different kinds. That was either in the early morning just before I turned in for the day, or on moonlight nights when the water seemed as clear in spots as in the daytime. It occurred to me that it would be a simple matter to rig a hook and line and catch some fish, but I had no means of cooking them, and it was useless to fish for the sake of it.

One night in Belgium my course took me through a desolate stretch of country which seemed to be absolutely uncultivated. I must have covered twelve miles during the night, without passing a single farm or cultivated field. My stock of turnips which I had picked the night before was gone and I planned, of course, to get enough to carry me through the following day.

The North Star was shining brightly that night and there was absolutely nothing to prevent my steering an absolutely direct course for Holland and liberty, but my path seemed to lie through arid pastures. Far to the

east or to the west I could hear faintly the striking of village bells, and I knew that if I changed my course I would undoubtedly strike farms and villages, but the North Star seemed to plead with me to follow it and I would not turn aside.

When daylight came, the consequence was I was empty handed and I had to find a hiding place for the day. I thought I would approach the first peasant I came to and ask for food, but that day I had misgivings—a hunch—that I would get into trouble if I did, and I decided to go without food altogether for that day.

It was a foolish thing to do, I found, because I not only suffered greatly from hunger all that day, but it interfered with my sleep. I would drop off to sleep for half an hour, perhaps, and during that time I would dream that I was free, back home, living a life of comparative ease, and then I would wake up with a start and catch a glimpse of the bushes surrounding me, feel the hard ground beneath me and the hunger pangs gnawing at my sides, and then I would realize how far from home I really was, and I would lie there and wonder whether I would ever really see my home again. Then I would fall asleep again and dream this time, perhaps of the days I spent in Courtrai, or my leap from the train window, of the Bavarian pilot whom I sent to eternity in my last air fight, of my tracer bullets getting closer and closer to his head, and then I would wake up again with a start and thank the Lord that I was only dreaming it all again instead of living through it!

That night I got an early start because I knew I had to have food, and I decided that rather than look for vegetables I would take a chance and apply to the first Belgian peasant whom I came to.

It was about 8 o'clock when I came to a small house. I had picked up a heavy stone and had bound it in my handkerchief and I was resolved to use it as a weapon if it became necessary. After all I had gone through, I was resolved to win my liberty eventually at whatever cost.

As it happened, I found that night the first real friend I had encountered in all my traveling. When I knocked timidly on the door, it was opened by



"You Can Hear and Talk If You Wish—Am I Not Right?"

a Belgian peasant, about fifty years of age. He asked me in Flemish what I wanted, but I shook my head and pointed to my ears and mouth, intimating that I was deaf and dumb, and then I opened and closed my mouth several times to show him that I wanted food.

He showed me inside and sat me at the table. He apparently lived alone, for his ill-furnished room had but one chair, and the plate and knife and fork he put before me seemed to be all he had. He brought me some cold

potatoes and several slices of stale bread, and he warmed me some milk on a small oil stove.

I ate ravenously and all the time I was engaged I knew that he was eyeing me closely.

Before I was half through he came over to me, touching me on the shoulder, and stooping over so that his lips almost touched my ear, he said in broken English: "You are an Englishman—I know it—and you can hear and talk if you wish—am I not right?"

There was a smile on his face and a friendly attitude about him that told me instinctively that he could be trusted, and I replied: "You have guessed right—only I am an American, not an Englishman."

He looked at me pityingly and filled my cup again with warm milk.

His kindness and apparent willingness to help me almost overcame me, and I felt like warning him of the consequences he would suffer if the Huns discovered he had befriended me. I had heard that twenty Belgians had been shot for helping Belgians to escape into Holland, and I hated to think what might happen to this good old Samaritan if the Huns ever knew that he had helped an escaped American prisoner.

After my meal was finished, I told him in as simple language as I could command of some of the experiences I had gone through and I outlined my future plans.

"You will never be able to get to Holland," he declared, "without a passport. The nearer you get to the frontier the more German soldiers you will encounter, and without a passport you will be a marked man."

I asked him to suggest a way by which I could overcome the difficulty. He thought for several moments and studied me closely all the time—perhaps endeavoring to make absolutely sure that I was not a German spy—and then apparently deciding in my favor, told me what he thought it was best for me to do.

"If you will call on this man" (mentioning the name of a Belgian in a city through which I had to pass), he advised, "you will be able to make arrangements with him to secure a passport, and he will do everything he can to get you out of Belgium."

He told me where the man in question could be found and gave me some useful directions to continue my journey, and then he led me to the door. I thanked him a thousand times and wanted to pay him for his kindness and help but he would accept nothing. He did give me his name and you may be sure I shall never forget it, but to mention it here might, of course, result in serious consequences for him. When the war is over, however, or the Germans are thrown out of Belgium, I shall make it my duty to find that kind Belgian if I have to go through again all that I have suffered already to do it.

CHAPTER XI.

I Encounter German Soldiers. What the Belgian told me about the need of a passport gave me fresh cause for worry. Suppose I should run into a German sentry before I succeeded in getting one?

I decided that until I reached the big city which the Belgian had mentioned—and which I cannot name for fear of identifying some of the people there who befriended me—I would proceed with the utmost precaution. Since I had discarded my uniform and had obtained civilian clothes, I had not been quite as careful as I was at first. While I had done my traveling at night, I had not gone into hiding so early in the morning as before and I had sometimes started again before it was quite dark, relying upon the fact that I would probably be mistaken for a Belgian on his way to or from work, as the case might be. From now on, I resolved, however, I would take no more chances.

That evening I came to a river perhaps seventy-five yards wide and I was getting ready to swim it when I thought I would walk a little way to find, if possible, a better place to get to the river from the bank. I had not walked more than a few hundred yards when I saw a boat. It was the first time I had seen a boat in all my experiences.

It was firmly chained, but as the stakes were sunk in the soft bank it was not much of a job to pull them out. I got in, drank to my heart's content, shoved over to the other side, got out, drove a stake into the ground and moored the boat. It would have been a simple matter to have drifted down the river, but the river was not shown on the map and I had no idea where it might lead me. Very reluctantly, therefore, I had to abandon the boat and proceed on foot.

I made several miles that night and before daylight found a safe place in which to hide for the day. From my hiding place I could see through the bushes a heavy thick wood only a short distance away. I decided that I would start earlier than usual, hurry over to the wood and perhaps, in that

way, I could cover two or three miles in the daytime and gain just so much time. Traveling through the wood would be comparatively safe. There was a railroad going through the wood, but I did not figure that that would make it any the less safe.

About three o'clock that afternoon, therefore, I emerged from my hiding place and hurried into the wood. After proceeding for half a mile or so I came to the railroad. I took a sharp look in both directions and saw no signs of trains or soldiers, I walked boldly over the tracks and continued on my way.

I soon came upon a clearing and knew that someone must be living in the vicinity. As I turned a group of trees I saw a small house and in the distance an old man working in a garden. I decided to enter the house and ask for food, figuring the woman would probably be old and would be no match for me even if she proved hostile. The old woman who came to the door in response to my knock was older than I expected. If she wasn't close to a hundred, I miss my guess very much.

She could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, of course, but nevertheless I made her understand that I wanted something to eat. She came out of the door and handed for her husband in a shrill voice that would have done credit to a girl of eighteen. The old man came in from the garden and between the two of them they managed to get the idea that I was hungry and they gave me a piece of bread—a very small piece—which was quite a treat.

The house they lived in consisted of just two rooms—the kitchen and a bedroom. The kitchen was perhaps fourteen feet square, eight feet of one side being taken up by an enormous fireplace. What was in the bedroom I had no way of telling, as I did not dare to be too inquisitive.

I made the old couple understand that I would like to stay in their house all night, but the old man shook his head. I bade them good-by and disappeared into the woods, leaving them to speculate as to the strange foreigner they had entertained.

From the great density of the population in this section through which I was now passing I realized that I must be in the outskirts of the big city which the Belgian had mentioned and where I was to procure a passport.

Village after village I intercepted me, and although I tried to skirt them, wherever possible I realized that I would never make much progress if I continued that course. To gain a mile I would sometimes have to make a detour of two or three miles. I decided that I would try my luck in going straight through the next village I came to.

As I approached it, I passed numbers of peasants who were ambling along the road. I was afraid to mingle with them because it was impossible for one to talk to them and it was dangerous to arouse suspicion even among the Belgians. For all I knew, one of them might be treacherous enough to deliver me to the Germans in return for the reward he might be sure of receiving.

About 9 o'clock that evening I came to a point where ahead of me on the right was a Belgian police station on the other side of the street were two German soldiers in uniform leaning against a bicycle.

Here was a problem which called for instant decision; if I turned back the suspicion of the soldiers would be instantly aroused and if I crossed the road so as not to pass so closely to them they might be equally suspicious. I decided to march bravely by the Huns, bluff my way through and trust to Providence. If anybody imagines, however, that I was at all comfortable as I approached these soldiers, he must think I am a much braver man than I claim to be. My heart beat so loud I was afraid they would hear it. Every step I took brought me so much nearer to what might prove to be the end of all my hopes. It was a nerve-racking ordeal.

I was now within a few feet of them. Another step—and—They didn't turn a hair! I passed right by them—heard what they were saying, although, of course, I didn't understand it, and went right on. I can't say I didn't walk a little faster as I left them behind, but I tried to maintain an even gait so as not to give them any idea of the inward exultation I was experiencing. No words can explain, however, how relieved I really felt—to know that I had successfully passed through the first of a series of similar tests which I realized were in store for me—although I did not know then how soon I was to be confronted with the second.

As it was, however, the incident gave me a world of confidence. It demonstrated to me that there was nothing in my appearance at any rate to attract the attention of the German soldiers. Apparently I looked like a Belgian peasant, and if I could only work things so that I would never have to answer questions and thus

give away my nationality, I figured I would be tolerably safe.

As I marched along I felt so happy I couldn't help humming an air of one of the new patriotic songs that we used to sing at the airdrome back in Ypres.

In this happy frame of mind I covered the next three miles in about an hour and then came to another little village. My usual course would have been to go around it—through fields, back yards, woods or whatever else lay in my way—but I had gained so much time by going through the last village instead of detouring around it and my appearance seemed to be so unsuspicious that I decided to try the same stunt again.

I stopped humming and kept very much on the alert, but apart from that, I walked boldly through the main street without any feeling of alarm.

I had proceeded perhaps a mile along the main street when I noticed ahead of me three German soldiers standing at the curb.

Again my heart started to beat fast, I must confess, but I was not nearly so scared as I had been an hour or so before.

I walked ahead, determined to follow my previous procedure in every particular.

I had got to about fifteen feet away from the soldiers when one of them stepped onto the sidewalk and shouted: "Halt!"

My heart stopped beating fast—for a moment, I believe, it stopped beating altogether! I can't attempt to de-



Last Photograph Taken of Lieutenant O'Brien Before His Capture. With Him Is His Chum, Lieutenant Raney.

scribe my feelings. I thought that the jig was up—that all I had gone through and all I had escaped would now avail me nothing, mingled with the feeling of disgust with myself because of the foolish risk I had taken in going through the village, combined to take all the starch out of me, and I could feel myself willing as the soldier advanced to the spot where I stood rooted in my tracks.

I had a bottle of water in one pocket and a piece of bread in the other, and I held the bottle up in one hand and the piece of bread in the other so that he could see that was all I had.

It occurred to me that he would "frisk" me—that is, feel me over for arms or other weapons, then place me under arrest and march me off to the guardhouse. I had not the slightest idea but that I was captured and there didn't seem to be much use in resisting, unarmed as I was and with two other German soldiers within a few feet of us.

Like a flash it suddenly dawned on me, however, that for all this soldier could have known I was only a Belgian peasant and that his object in searching me, which he proceeded to do, was to ascertain whether I had committed the common "crime" of smuggling potatoes.

The Belgians were allowed only a certain amount of potatoes, and it is against the laws laid down by the Huns to deal in vegetables of any kind except under the rigid supervision of the authorities. Nevertheless, it was one of the principal vocations of the average poor Belgian to buy potatoes out in the country from peasants and then smuggle them into the large cities and sell them clandestinely at a high price.

To stop this traffic in potatoes, the German soldiers were in the habit of subjecting the Belgians to frequent search, and I was being held up by this soldier for no other reason than that he thought I might be a potato smuggler!

He felt of my outside clothes and pockets, and finding no potatoes seemed to be quite satisfied. And he but known who I was he could have earned an iron cross! Or, perhaps, in view of the fact that I had a heavy water bottle in my uplifted hand, it might have turned out to be a wooden cross!

He said something in German, which, of course, I did not understand, and then some Belgian peasants came along and seemed to distract his attention. Perhaps he had said: "It's all

right; you may go on," or he may have been talking to the others in Flemish, but at any rate, observing that he was more interested in the others than he was in me at the moment, I put the bottle in my pocket and walked on.

After I walked a few steps, I took a furtive glance backward and noticed the soldier who had searched me re-join his comrades at the curb and then stop another fellow who had come along, and then I disappeared in the darkness.

I cannot say that the outcome of this adventure left me in the same confident frame of mind that followed the earlier one. I was sure I had come out of it all right, but I could not help thinking what a terribly close shave I had.

Suppose the soldier had questioned me! The ruse I had been following in my dealings with the Belgian peasants—pretending I was deaf and dumb—might possibly have worked here, too, but a soldier—a German soldier—might not so easily have been fooled. It was more than an even chance that it would have at least aroused his suspicion and resulted in further investigation. A search of my clothing would have revealed a dozen things which would have established my identity and all my shamming of deafness would have availed me nothing.

As I wandered along I knew that I was now approaching the big city which my Belgian friend had spoken of and which I would have to enter if I was to get the passport, and I realized now how essential it was to have something to enable me to get through the frequent examinations to which I expected to be subjected.

While I was still debating in my mind whether it was going to be possible for me to enter the city that night, I saw in the distance what appeared to be an arc light, and as I neared it that was what it turned out to be. Beneath the light I could make out the forms of three guards, and the thought of having to go through the same kind of ordeal that I had just experienced filled me with misgivings. Was it possible that I could be fortunate enough to get by again?

As I slowed up a little, trying to make up my mind what was best to do, I was overtaken by a group of Belgian women who were shuffling along the road, and I decided to mingle with them and see if I couldn't convey the impression that I was one of their party.

As we approached the arc light, the figures of those three soldiers with their spiked helmets loomed before me like a regiment. I felt as if I were walking right into the jaws of death. Rather than go through what was in store for me, I felt that I would infinitely prefer to be fighting again in the air with those four desperate Huns who had been the cause of my present plight—then, at least, I would have a chance to fight back, but now I had to risk my life and take what was coming to me without a chance to strike a blow in my own defense.

I shall never forget my feelings as we came within the shaft of light projected by that great arc light nor the faces of those three guards as we passed by them. I didn't look directly at them, but out of the corner of my eye I never missed a detail. I held a handkerchief up to my face as we passed them and endeavored to imitate the slouching gait of the Belgians as well as I could, and apparently it worked. We walked right by those guards and they paid absolutely no attention to us.

If ever a fellow felt like going down on his knees and praying I did at that moment, but it wouldn't have done to show my elation or gratitude in that conspicuous way.

It was then well after 11 o'clock and I knew it would be unsafe for me to attempt to find a lodging place in the city, and the only thing for me to do was to locate the man whose name the Belgian had given me. He had given me a good description of the street and had directed me how to get there, and I followed his instructions closely.

After walking the streets for about half an hour, I came upon one of the landmarks my friend had described to me and ten minutes afterwards I was knocking at the door of the man who was to make it possible for me to reach Holland—and liberty! At least, that was what I hoped.

O'Brien is promised help in getting across the frontier to Holland, but just as he is rejoicing over the prospect of early freedom, he is rudely awakened from his dream. Read about it in the next installment.

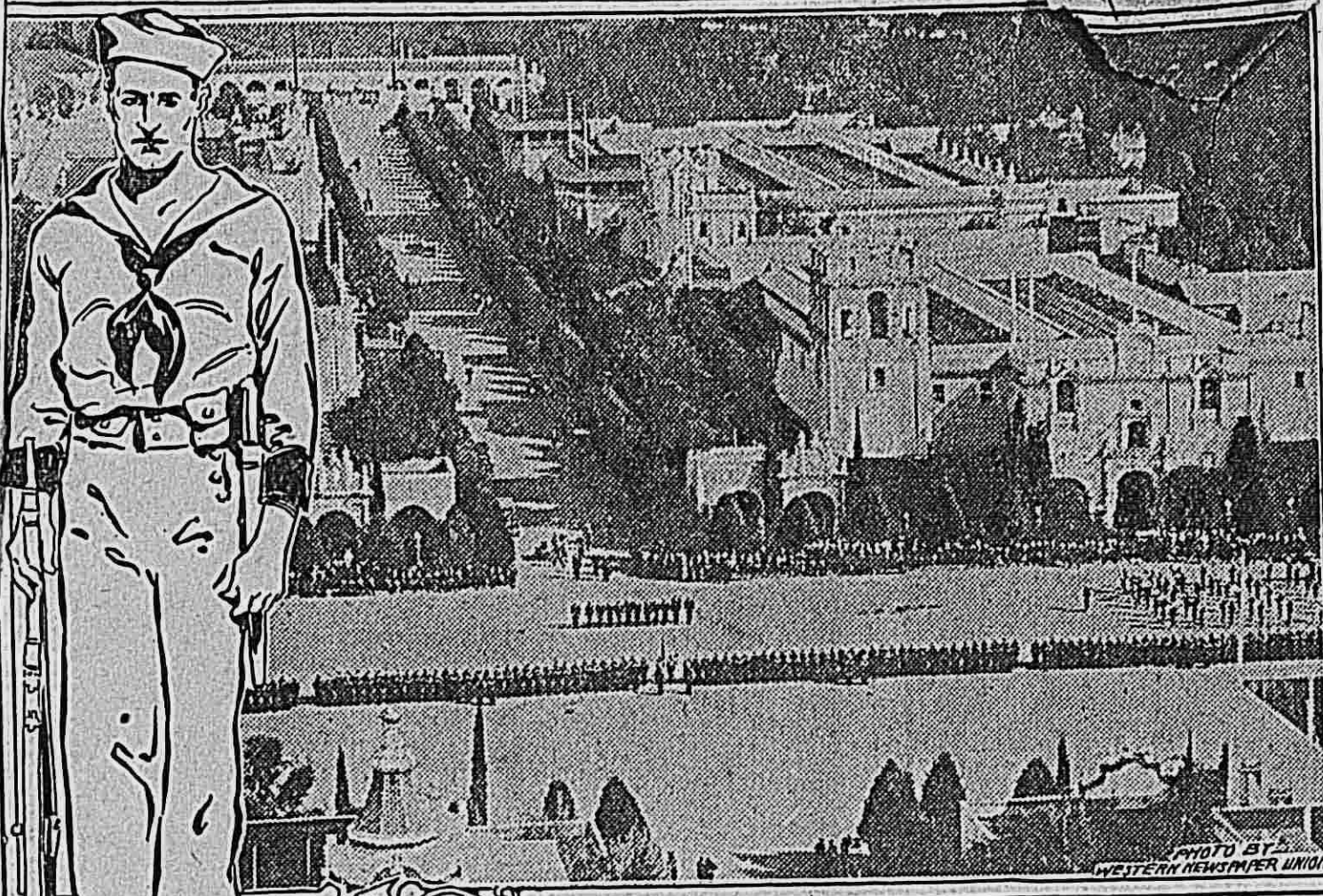
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wood Grapple Saves Work.

The handling of logs by means of a crane equipped with a good grapple is not only more spectacular than the old method, but it effects an immense saving in labor and has made it possible to pile logs to a great height. Similar outfits are used in handling ties, posts, pulp wood, etc. The grapple is made like a clamshell bucket except that the scoops are replaced by curved steel tines. In the grasp of such a large number of logs can be held at once.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

WAR HITS A BEAUTY SPOT



**San Diego,
Where It's Al-
ways Fair Wea-
ther, Scene of
Military Activity
of Many Varieties**

WHEN war broke out, Uncle Sam bore down upon seagirt San Diego, Cal., and said: "Wake up, sleeping beauty! You're conscripted. I want your clear blue skies for my aviators, your ocean-going merris for a khaki city, and your deep, land-locked harbor for submarines, great battle ships, and all sorts of exciting things."

"All right, uncle," replied San Diego, dropping its dolce far niente for working overalls. "You bet!"

"And—concrete ships," suggested Uncle Sam as an afterthought. "I want you to build shoals of them."

Again San Diego was enthusiastic; and thus by an odd trick of these war times, the most peaceful, dreamy city in America has become a military pageant.

Before the war San Diego was renowned for its perpetual cool, fair, sunny weather; for desert, seascapes and flowers; for old Spanish architecture, artistic atmosphere, and romantic traditions. It was a haven for seekers of rest, joy, and play. Today it stands at attention in olive drab. Its population has been doubled by uniformed men and it has more war activities than any city of its size in the country.

A Mixture of Races.

Its wave-lulled quiet is broken by the rhythm of marching feet, the music of military bands, the clatter of hoofs and the aerial chug-chug of motors. A \$10,000,000 ship building plant will soon bring smokestacks and thousands of workmen to the poets' city. Up and down palm lined, French bordered avenues go French officers in horizon blue; an occasional Briton or Canadian; dandified aces with silver wings; Mexican vaqueros turned cavalrymen; haughty Navajos, Pimas and Hopi who have swapped gorgeous blankets and ancient desert pueblos for drab uniforms and army tents; ex-cowpunchers trying to feel natural in navy middie and jaunty caps; and soldiers and sailors drawn from one-fifth the area of the United States. Camouflaged ships slip often into the azure harbor and sail away under convoy, carrying thousands of hard-muscled young warriors to the battle line in France. To the government coaling station, come strange vessels flying foreign flags. Sometimes a Japanese ship drops anchor and groups of polite little brown men go sightseeing through the streets.

Into the quietest life the thrill of war has come. The housewife, washing the breakfast dishes, hears hoofbeats and rushes to the porch. A scout rides by. He hitches his horse at the edge of the canyon and reconnoiters for imaginary Huns. Happily he finds only quail and meadowlarks, and soon the whole cavalry troop comes galloping—tall, lean, rangy riders, as brown as their own khaki.

GATHERED FACTS

Of 150,000 Australian trade unionists enlisted, 45,000 have been killed.

India is making earnest efforts to revive its long-neglected indigo industry.

There is a schoolhouse in Providence, R. I., which has been in continuous use for 118 years.

Il Giornale d'Italia of Rome, states that the telephone connections between Sardinia and the Italian mainland will be completed this year.

Burma is one of the very few lands in which fat is not used for lighting or industrial purposes.

During the war of the American revolution the loyalist women of New York raised a large fund for the fitting out of a privateer to be called the "Fair American."

At the public sale of the personal property of Henry Clay Ferrow of York, Pa., a number of honey bees were disposed of at from \$1.70 to \$2 each. This was the highest price ever received in that county for bees.

For Postal Card Users.

According to decisions of the post-office department, anything written or printed on the address side of a government postal card, except the address itself, that is, anything in the nature of a message on the address side, renders the card unmailable.

Passions.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams, the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

BEAUTIFUL TREE-LINED AVENUES WHERE JACKIES DRILL

One wonders if the Kaiser's Uhlan are so much a part of horse and saddle. Many of the horsemen are from the Frederick Remington country and have shot wolves and coyotes, rounded up cattle thieves and ridden days through sand and cactus with alkali dust clinging to their eyelashes. The sun shines on the salty backs of their mounts. Two or three wave gayly at Mrs. Housewife on the porch. She returns the salute with a comradely flourish of the tea towel, and in a flurry of dust, they are gone.

Aircraft in the Sky.

Time was when San Diegans got a thrill from waiting two or three hours at an aviation meet, finally to be told by a fat gentleman with a megaphone that, as the wind was strong, the exhibition would be postponed. Later, when two or three lonely airplanes began circling overhead, the population elevated their noses and craned their necks in admiration. The first graduating class of eight from Rockwell field was hailed by the newspapers as a great event. Today, with 20 airplanes in the sky at once, and with thousands of birdmen training at North Island, the civilians are blasé. However, the chattering of an engine brings Mrs. Housewife out of doors to look. It may be Mike Brown, super-ace of North Island, or some space-defying Frenchman borrowed from the fighting line to teach battle aerobatics.

In such a case numbers of dinners will wait while the aviator climbs the air in leaps and bounds as though vaulting up a gigantic aerial staircase. When he is a little moth against a mountainous cumulus cloud 6,000 or 7,000 feet above the earth, the chugging of the motor stops and the bird-ship coasts in a long, swooping dive—down, down, growing larger every minute, until it rights itself and the engine begins to turn again. He climbs again toward the zenith, flies on his back, rocks from side to side, loops the loop, performs side spins and tail spins, the zigzagging "falling leaf," and the Immelman turn, most swift of air movements. Not until the warbird has flown off to lunch does Mrs. Housewife remember her fireless cooker.

Peace for the Oregon.

From an excursion steamer one looks aloft to a sky whirling with airplanes. One counts a dozen, a score; but it is impossible to keep track, for machines, piloted by students and instructors, are constantly alighting and ascending. A sight of thrilling loveliness it is—purple-blue water below, stretching to the end of the world where almond-eyed Japanese kiddies are playing in the surf; above, the translucent blue of skies like those of France and Italy; against it the blue white planes, dipping, racing, sailing, as gracefully as the gulls. Some are 7,000 feet up, specks against pastel-tinted Mexican mountains. Others fly lower, their engines scolding ferociously, as they breeze along at more than a hundred miles an hour. Their shadows flit across picturesque Japanese fishing craft; pleasure boats and submarine destroyers, and battleship Oregon, which, after the dardeviltry of its youth, is spending a safety-first respectable old age as a naval training ship.

With the speeding up of the war effort, flying is done seven days a week. Sabbath afternoons are enlivened by squads of machines practicing battle formations, flying in wedges like wild geese, or in single file, or circling around each other, at the signal of the leader, in queer Virginia reels of the air. Thousands of feet above earth they suggest the dizzy dance of insects around a lamp.

The boys who are starting to the war from San Diego are in luck as to climate—and fun! After duty is over there is always play. The country is a perpetual invitation. It is rimmed about by sapphire seas, which splash in lacy breakers around cliffs, grottoes and glistening white beaches. In the background, mountains of pale blue, violet and rose appear and vanish through hazes and vapors. Between mountains and the sea, palms wave, the desert stretches its mile on mile of mystery, and oranges and lemons bloom from Christmas eve to Christmas eve.

Movie Stars Are There.

From the studios at Los Angeles movie stars debouch on the city. Hardly a day passes when Theda Bara, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Doug Fairbanks, or other lights of the screen don't "appear in person" to godmother or godfather an orphan regiment. Many a bashful rookie whose life has been spent in mountain solitude remote from feminine fluffiness has talked face to face with the movie star of his dreams. San Diego's own Schumann Heink sings often. Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn entertain, and many novelists, magazine writers and artists who have emigrated to California join forces with the Y. M. C. A. to give the soldiers a good time.

Soldiers on hike may eat their noonday meal by the sea, on a mountain side, in an olive grove, or by the ruins of an old mission. Often regiments are invited to Point Loma, a white city overlooking the sea where 500 theosophists make their home. Here are avenues of palms, the rose-purple domes of temples, exotic trees, and a Greek theater, where the Itala Yoga girls in Greek robes garlanded with flowers sing choruses, or a dramatic class presents a Shakespearean play to a regiment resting from a hike. Every afternoon at Balboa Park the navy boys may listen to an open-air pipe organ recital, if they prefer it to swimming, boating or loitering in Japanese gardens, pepper groves or rose-hung arbors. On the plaza around which is the regimental group of palaces where the navy boys are billeted, a dance is given every Saturday night, with the stars overhead, Moorish towers looming up mistily in the background, and glimpses of moonlit sea shimmering between Greek pillars.

It seems an ideal life. And yet, when a streaked and dotted paint-splashed transport sneaks into the harbor and weighs anchor a few hours while it takes on a precious cargo of American youths, the only sober faces one sees are of the boys who will be left behind.

Making Their Own Sugar.

Women in Utah are going to make sugar at home. The great interest taken in sugar-beet production for sirups by the women of one county has led to the planting of from 75 to 100 pounds of sugar-beet seed. This is the direct result of the work of the county home demonstration agent, who has demonstrated the use and making of the sirup to each of the 15 organizations in the county with whom she works. The women have also made between 2,000 and 2,500 pounds of potato starch, averaging 25 pounds to 4 bushels of potatoes. This means the saving of 400 bushels of potatoes that otherwise would have been wasted.

Barbers' Habit.

"Barbers are generally loquacious, aren't they?"

"Yes, but I suppose that comes from their habit of cutting other men short."

ASTHMADOR AVERTS-RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA Begin Treatment NOW All Druggists Guarantee

Memorable Vacation.

Having a week off on account of being overworked, and by advice of our physician, our wife suggests that it will be a corking opportunity to go over the house together and find the loose ends of things and fix them up. She has laid out half a dozen blinds and rollers that need fixing, a carpet that could be beat without hurting its general reputation, a number of pans to solder, a piece of gable that's loose on the roof, some ruin spouting that needs attention and a few old family pictures that could be tightened, dusted, polished, frames re-varnished, etc., and stuck up in the parlor.

All in all, our week's vacation is going to be something to remember.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befall the over-zealous American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient labor-gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

Grow Rubber in California.

The American rubber trade has been more or less seriously threatened ever since the beginning of the great war in 1914. It is, therefore, interesting to know that there are shrubs, now growing wild in California, that contain workable quantities of it, and that by the cultivation of these it is possible that we may be able to grow our own rubber in the United States.

No Older Than Your Face.

Is true in most cases. Then keep your face fair and young with Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Search Goen On.

"What has become of the search for the philosopher's stone?"

"The search changes with every age. Now we're looking for a tire that won't puncture."

Misery loves company, but even that sort of company can wear its welcome out.

Getting to Be a Nuisance.

Mrs. Mars—Oh, dear, dear! That Hohenzollern boy is at the door again, wanting to borrow something.

Mars—The obnoxious child! I'm sorry we ever encouraged him to come over here. What does he want now?

Mrs. Mars—He wants a half-dozen impregnable lines, a few strategic salients, some seasoned troops, a few fresh lies and a cupful of mornie.

Mars—Don't give 'em to him. I understand the family is going to move away in a short time.

The best preparation for a hard day's work is a good night's sleep.

Norristown, Pa., must pay 8 cent street railway fares.

That Stumped Him.

I was taking the examination for the aviation signal corps when a young fellow came into the room to take the examination. While the sergeant was examining the one ahead of this man he was studying the letters on the eye card intently. The sergeant noticed it, so when he got to the eye test he said so that all could hear him: "Well, I suppose you know this side pretty well by now, so I guess we will turn it around and read the other side."—Exchange.

United States has nearly five million war gardens.

The bitter the fight the sweeter the victory.

A Message to Mothers

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood! The doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Fletcher's Castoria is nothing new. We are not asking you to try an experiment. We just want to impress upon you the importance of buying Fletcher's.

Your physician will tell you this, as he knows there are a number of imitations on the market, and he is particularly interested in the welfare of your baby.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

Her Golden Heart.

"You say you are in love with Miss Bagges?"

"I'm sure I am."

"But I can't see anything attractive about her."

"Neither can I see it. But it's in the bank, all right."

By bridling your tongue you refrain from saddling your troubles upon others.

Oklahoma is this year building 438 highway bridges.

The Diagnosis.

First Doc—What shall we tell the family is the matter with the old fellow?

Second Doc—Let's give ourselves plenty of scope. It's either hardening of the arteries or softening of the brain.

More than 70 different kinds of wood are used in the manufacture of umbrellas handles.

Justice without wisdom is impossible.



—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.

You Can Get a Homestead of 160 Acres Free

or other lands at very low prices. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre that will raise 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre—it's easy to become prosperous. Canadian farmers also grow wonderful crops of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools and churches; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

C. J. Broughton, Room 412, 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.; M. V. MacInnes, 176 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agents



Are You Bloated After Eating With that gassy, puffy feeling, and hurting near your heart? For Quick Relief—Take ONE

EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

You can fairly feel it work. It drives the GAS out of your body and the Bloat goes with it.

Removes Quickly—Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, etc.
Get EATONIC from your Druggist with the DOUBLE GUARANTEE
Send for the "Help" Book, Address: Eaton's Remedies Co., 1015-24 St. W., Wash. Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Counting the Cost.

Jam tarts unlabeled was little Bobby's idea of heaven, but since war flour came in and fat was scarce, he hadn't been quite so fond of them as before.

Mother, coming into the kitchen one afternoon, saw Bobby gazing at a dish of newly baked tarts.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she asked, sharply.

"I was just wondering, mother."

"Wondering? You haven't touched those tarts, I hope?"

"Not yet, mother," said Bobby. "I was just wondering if they're nice enough to be whipped for."

Its Extent.

"My teacher gave me an awful call down because I used Inter for Intern. Was that such a bad mistake, pop?"

"Well, my son, I would call it a grave sort of mistake."

The Preliminary.

"Dear, I want a silk dust cloak."

"All right; let me first raise the dust."

Helen Hartman of Bridgeton, Ind., has canned 602 quarts of food this season, single-handed.

British war history is now compiled up to September, 1914.

**When Your Eyes Need Care
Try Murine Eye Remedy**
No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

HE WAS THERE TO SLEEP

And a Little Little Like the Building Burning Couldn't Rouse "Dutch" From Slumber.

At camp "Dutch," as he was called, was reputedly the biggest sleephead and most absent-minded individual existing.

One night "Dutch" was, as usual, in blissful repose, when some of the buildings in the barracks caught fire and the alarm was spread rapidly to all parts of the camp, and the fire finally came alarmingly near the bunk where "Dutch" was dreaming of shooting the Huns into Hades.

In his sleep "Dutch" finally got up and wandered to another part of the barracks, where he crawled into someone's bunk and peacefully slept on amid the roar and clatter, flames and smoke.

Not until long after the building had burned to the ground and only cinders and ashes were left did any one think of "Dutch." After a prolonged search they finally found him, sweetly and blissfully sleeping with the cover pulled up around his chin like an innocent babe, and closely clasping in either hand his girl's picture and a safety razor.

Philadelphia thus far this year has built only 700 dwellings. Last year, 2,177.

No one knows the names of Adam and Eve's children except the two oldest boys.

This Rookie a Giant.

The last Worcester draft contingent included Edward T. Scanlon, the largest rookie sent by Massachusetts so far. He is six feet two inches tall, and weighs 287 pounds. He has a brother, James W. Scanlon, age twenty-six, of Camp Devens, who also stands six feet two inches and weighs about 160 pounds, and a cousin, Tom Hennessey, also at Camp Devens, who is the same height and weighs about 200 pounds. —Boston Globe.

Practical Outlook.

"What do you think Mayme said when Harold told her he would die for her?"

"What did she say?"

"Asked him how much life insurance he carried."

Texas is abandoning ostrich growing.

Nothing is worth while if it hasn't the good of the nation behind it.

**Hay Fever-Catarrh
Prompt Relief Guaranteed
SCHIFFMANN'S
CATARRH BALM**
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

Wanted Young Ladies

to learn General and Obstetrical Nursing; 2 months Hospital Training and you can earn \$500 per week. Douglas Park Hospital, 1941 S. LaSalle Ave., Chicago, Ill.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 35-1918.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

A. B. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY 5c.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION

TELEPHONE 149-J



"OUR FLAG"

Vote for William A. Rosing for County Treasurer

VOTE FOR

LEE McDONOUGH

Republican candidate for the nomination for Representative from the Eighth Senatorial District



Lake County presents the name of Lee McDonough, of Waukegan, as a candidate for nomination for State Representative from the Eighth Senatorial district, comprising Lake, McHenry and Boone counties

Lake county is the largest county in the district, but for many years has had no member in the lower house, on the Republican side, due almost entirely to the skillful manner in which McHenry county has played its politics.

There are to be nominated two Republican candidates. Lake county in asking for one of the nominations, while certain interests in McHenry county are asking two.

McHenry county should be conceded one place, and it was hoped by the party in Lake county that its claim for recognition would be looked upon favorably. His record as county treasurer establishes a basis that will be followed by his successors for many years to come, and has demonstrated that business methods can be successfully carried on in a county office. And it is upon his record as county treasurer, he bases his claim for your support.

The earnings of the treasurer's office of Lake county for ten years previous to McDonough's term were \$28,101.05, and for the four years of McDonough's term the earnings were \$60,453.75, every dollar of which latter amount has gone to the county, as shown by the past audits of his office.

For Honesty, Efficiency, Courtesy, the voters will do well to nominate Lee McDonough on Wednesday, September 11.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS, ANTIOCH, ILL.

The Man Without a Country At the Majestic Monday Evening, Sept. 2



WILLIAM A. ROSING

Antioch's Candidate for County Treasurer

Four years ago he received the very loyal support of a great group of friends and acquaintances. Since that time he has built up a substantial business in this village, and believes that all who supported him four years ago will support him at the present time.

He proposes to conduct a clean cut campaign, using no personalities. If elected, he promises the voters of Lake county to place the county money in safe depositories and to obtain for the public money the largest commercial rate of interest possible.

He may not be able to meet all the voters of Lake county, but promises as efficient an administration of the office of County Treasurer, if elected, as he has maintained in the transaction of his own business.

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS EIGHTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the Lower House of the General Assembly. Another term will complete twenty years of continual service for this district, and I have looked to that attainment with some, I trust, pardonable, personal pride. However, more important is the fact that I have wished to aid Governor Lowden in his endeavor to make Illinois a more fit place to live in after the boys come home from the war.

In connection with my record the Legislative Voters' League said recently: "Edward D. Shurtleff, representative (Rep.) was Governor Lowden's floor leader in the house. Had it not been for his efforts it is unlikely that the Governor's administrative code bill could have been passed. He refused appointment as head of a House Committee and gave most of his time to furthering the passage of administration measures."

Governor Lowden said at Woodstock, September 6th, 1917: "I want to say a word about one of your citizens. I want to take advantage of his absence today. I refer to Edward D. Shurtleff. I want you people of his home county to realize that, during the present administration, Mr. Shurtleff was my right arm; all during the planning of the administration code he was with me and worked zealously and efficiently. I don't know what I would have done without him; I am confident that results would not have been what they were. And, whether we have peace or war, I shall need him more than ever in the future. Therefore, I want to say to you people here that you must not permit him not to be a candidate for re-election as I have heard might be the case."

I have had numerous conferences with Governor Lowden since that time as to the program he is trying to work out in "correcting, revising and advancing the Administrative Code," in "Revenue matters," in "Court Practice matters," in a "New Election Law," and in an effort to get a "NEW STATE CONSTITUTION," and to help make Illinois a better place to live in for all its people.

I feel that the electorate of this district know where I stand on public matters, and the service I have performed, so that I need not restate them. I expect to vote for the National Amendment.

A campaign is being made against me, pretending to be friendly, conceding my nomination and election, and insisting that I shall have many votes to spare. If this advice should be carried to its logical conclusion, I would have no votes at all. Their purpose is to persuade the voters that they are friendly to me, that I can be nominated and elected without votes, and that "an issue" calls for another man.

I earnestly solicit the votes of every Republican in the district who believes I should be returned, and even at that it is more than probable I will have none to spare.

Thanking you sincerely for your support and confidence in the past, I am
Very respectfully,
EDWARD D. SHURTLEFF,
Marengo, Illinois.

A Cigar of Merit

"EL RECTOR"

CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

Factory 2201-2203 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill. PHIL. C. NIEMAN, Maker

Phone Canal 4478

OFFICE, 1204 S. LEAVITT ST



Packers' Profits Are Regulated

The public should understand that the profits of the packers have been limited by the Food Administration since November 1, 1917. For this purpose, the business of Swift & Company is now divided into three classes:

Class 1 includes such products as beef, pork, mutton, oleomargarine and others that are essentially animal products. Profits are limited to 9 per cent of the capital employed in these departments, (including surplus and borrowed money), or not to exceed two and a half cents on each dollar of sales.

Class 2 includes the soap, glue, fertilizer, and other departments more or less associated with the meat business. Many of these departments are in competition with outside businesses whose profits are not limited. Profits in this class are restricted to 15 per cent of the capital employed.

Class 3 includes outside investments, such as those in stock yards, and the operation of packing plants in foreign countries. Profits in this class are not limited.

Total profits for all departments together in 1918 will probably be between three and four per cent on an increased volume of sales.

The restrictions absolutely guarantee a reasonable relation between live stock prices and wholesale meat prices, because the packer's profit cannot possibly average more than a fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Since the profits on meat (Class 1) are running only about 2 cents on each dollar of sales, we have to depend on the profits from soap, glue, fertilizer (Class 2, also limited) and other departments, (Class 3) to obtain reasonable earnings on capital.

Swift & Company is conducting its business so as to come within these limitations.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



I desire to announce to my many friends that I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for sheriff of Lake County, subject to the Primaries on September 11th.

In asking their support at the primary I am doing so entirely on my previous record as Sheriff during the one term I held that important office, during the year 1910-1914. If renominated and elected, I shall do all within my power to again administer the duties of the office in an efficient and satisfactory manner.

I appreciate the support already given me throughout the county and am willing to let my previous record stand as the basis for asking support at the coming primary.

ELMER J. GREEN.

Local and Personal Happenings

ree band concert tomorrow night. "Come Through" at the Majestic on Tuesday evening.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Chris Morosen on Monday, Aug. 26, a son.

Miss Lucille Webb is visiting relatives and friends here for a few days.

The two bags of flour donated by Mr. J. Gey netted the Red Cross \$66.20.

Leda LaPlant is able to sit up and receive visitors after her long siege of typhoid fever.

Ms. Wm. Cassidy received a card on Saturday stating that her son William had arrived safely overseas.

We have buyers for 40 or 80 acre farms near Antioch. T. J. Stahl & Co. 26W. Washington street, Waukegan.

Let your farms for sale with T. J. Stahl & Co., Waukegan, the men who get results. Phone 237-238. tf

Mr. Morrell will entertain the band boys at a corn roast at Cordingley's camp at Cedar lake this (Thursday) evening.

Dr. C. H. Barber, will be in Antioch hereafter on the last Sunday in each month. Those wishing glasses please call at H. J. Barber's on Aug. 25.

Will King, has enlisted in the Aviation Mechanics corps and has been in reserve since the 31st of July. He was among the number to register last June, but did not wait to be called.

At a meeting of the Village board on Monday evening two bids, for the drilling of a new ten inch well, were entered, no action was taken on account of some of the board members being absent. The matter was laid over until the next regular meeting of the board.

Damn the United States I wish I may never hear of the U. S. again said Philip Nolan a young American Naval officer. God Bless The United States said Philip Nolan 50 years later. See "The Man Without a Country" at the Majestic next Monday evening.

High school opens on Tuesday, September 3. Two new teachers have been employed to fill the vacancies left in the teaching force last year. Miss Olive Dean, a graduate of the University of Illinois will have charge of the Latin classes. Miss Meta C. Kieckhefer, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, will teach the science work for the following year. Text books have been ordered and can be purchased the day school begins. Any questions about entrance or programs will be answered by the Principal. Call in person or phone 122-R.



To the Republican Voters of Lake County

I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the Republican primary, September 11, 1918.

If nominated and elected it will be my endeavor to conduct the office strictly on business principles.

I will expect and accept only the salary of the office as my compensation. All earnings of the office and all interest earned on funds will be returned to the people.

I will see as many of the voters personally as possible before the primary, but in case I do not see you, I assure you I will appreciate your support and will do my best to protect your interests.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD J. YEOMAN,
Waukegan, Ill.

At the Majestic on next Wednesday "The Squaw Man."

Robert Smart and family from Waukegan spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Geo. S. Wedge at Maple Lawn.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FOR SALE—My road mare, cheap. Inquire of Dr. Beebe. 51tf

FOR SALE—Corn binders and binding twine. Inquire of C. F. Richards. 4

WANTED—A farm of 40 to 60 acres with good buildings. Inquire at this office.

FOR RENT—After August 1, the hall now occupied by the Masonic lodge. Inquire of H. J. Brogan. 1tf

FOR SALE—No. 9 Steel cook range. Reason too large for room. Inquire at this office.

FOR RENT—The old McDougall farm east of Loon Lake, 200 acres. Inquire of C. E. VanPatten, Antioch, Ill. 49tf

FOR SALE—Good driving horse, wt 1,000. Broke double or single. Inquire at the C. W. Martin farm. Cross Lake.

FOR SALE—An Elgin Six in A1 condition. We demonstrate. Owner has no use for it. Goes for \$450 if taken at once. Inquire at Candy store next door to Majestic theater.

FOR SALE—Studebaker car in good condition. Price \$150.00. Inquire of John Poland, care of H. H. Crandall, Lake Catherine.

LOST—Between Antioch and Wilmet on Friday, Aug. 23, a black Gladstone bag containing a gold watch and chain, lavelliere, leather writing pad and a check book, also a picture of Frank Thompson. Liberal reward offered. Finder please return to Mrs. Frank Thompson, care of Mrs. H. C. Darby, Wilmet.

Electric Cooking Utensils

They are distinctly economical; their use of current in performing the task set for them is short, which means the quantity is small. Ask for their

Convenience

Just ask anyone who owns a toaster, or percolator, or grill, or disc stove.

We Sell 'em

Public Service Co.
of Northern Ills.

VOTE FOR FRED E. STERLING OF ROCKFORD



CANDIDATE FOR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION FOR

STATE TREASURER

Primary Election Wed., Sept. 11.

The man who, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee, managed the successful Republican campaign in Illinois in 1916.

He comes from Elg Republican Winnebago County, which has never had a nominee on a Republican State Ticket.

He is widely known and will add strength to the Ticket at the November Election.

See "The Man Without a Country" at the Majestic Monday evening.

Mrs. C. W. Lichtenberg of Camp Lake spent Wednesday with Antioch friends.

Dr. Shorman, wife and daughters of Chicago were over Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Burnett.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer have received a card stating that their son Harry had arrived safely overseas.

Irene Hunt in "The Maternal Spark" at the Majestic Sunday evening.

Misses Lucy Plotz and Winnifred Smith are spending this week in Chicago.

The Man Without a Country, a warning to slackers, at the Majestic Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Adams returned to Antioch the first of the week, after having spent their summer vacation at Normal and Mt. Sterling.

He pokes a gun in my face and backs me across the room to a minister and a girl I never saw before and says come through, at the Majestic Saturday evening.



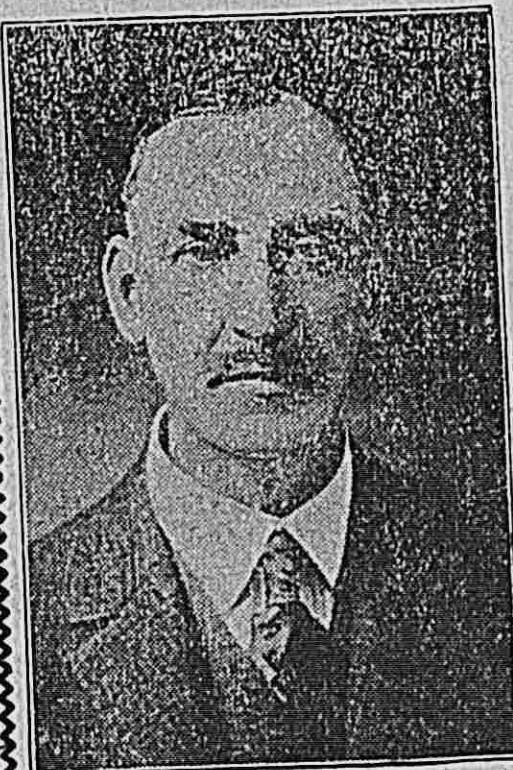
Bracher for County Treasurer

Roy W. Bracher announces to the Republican voters of Lake County that he is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the primary, to be held September 11th.

Mr. Bracher was born in the town of Warren in 1879 and lived there continuously until March 1, 1916, when with his family he moved to Waukegan where he has since resided. He has run a general store at Gurnee practically all his life and still continues in that business at Gurnee.

For many years he has been an active worker in the Republican party, but has never held an elective office. He is not a candidate of any political faction, ring or organization, but is running strictly on his own merits as a lifelong Republican, who feels he deserves well of his party, and as an upright, straight forward and capable business man. He pledges himself to turn over to the county all interest on public funds and to run the office of treasurer strictly according to law, and for the salary fixed by the County Board.

Mr. Bracher invites the Republican voters of Lake county to look up his record as a citizen and business man, and solicits their support and votes.



CANDIDATE FOR CO. CLERK

Subject to the Republican can Primaries of Sept. 11, 1918

As a candidate for County Clerk, I am in the race to win on the platform of "A Business Man for the County's Business." Being aligned with no "ring" or "faction," I pledge you if elected that politics will be eliminated from this office, and a straight-forward business administration will be given to all the people alike. I ask your co-operation and help and pledge you its fulfillment.

L. J. YAGER.



TALC
Jonteel
25¢

gives every woman who loves a rare perfume, the opportunity to know and enjoy a talc having a wonderful, costly odor at a price unusually low. Take Jonteel home with you today.

King's Drug Store
Exclusive Agents

Henry R. Rathbone

Is a Candidate for the Republican Nomination for Congressman-at-Large

HE has taken a prominent part in every political campaign for over twenty years. In 1916 he was the President of the Hamilton Club of Chicago, and alternate-at-large to the Republican National convention



For over a year he has devoted practically his entire time to patriotic work.

He is a lawyer of recognized ability and an orator of national reputation.

His father, Major Rathbone, was a friend of Abraham Lincoln and was severely wounded by Booth while defending the President.

PRIMARY ELECTION
SEPTEMBER 11, 1918

HERBERT A. SHEA

OF WAUKEGAN

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

FOR

REPRESENTATIVE

IN THE GENERAL

ASSEMBLY



Was born on a farm in Lake County, and has lived in this district all his life. He is a lawyer, and lives with his wife, two sons and two daughters at 717 No. County St., Waukegan.

He has been a teacher, a farmer and a postmaster; taught school four years. Completed the Teachers' Normal Course at Dixon, Illinois, in 1900, and was graduated from the Scientific Department of the same institution in 1903; left the teaching and profession in 1905 and began farming; in ten years he built up a big milk-producing business which he sold that he might complete his law practice. He was licensed to practice law in 1916.

By natural sympathies and his intimate knowledge of farming (as well as by his general and legal education) he is qualified to represent the agricultural interests, and his present residence and business give him a clear view and understanding of the important and growing interests in the business centers and would make him accessible to them when emergencies arose.

ALLIES CAPTURE MANY MORE TOWNS IN BIG OFFENSIVE

British Take Suburb of Bapaume
and Advance Two Miles in
Few Hours.

FRENCH CONTINUE GAINS; SMASH COUNTER-ATTACKS

Suzanne and Cappy, in Somme Region,
Taken by British—Prussian Guard
Driven Back With Heavy Losses by
General Mangin's Army—U. S.
Troops Win More Ground South of
the Vesle—Australians Have Cap-
tured 12,000 Prisoners Since Aug. 8.

London, Aug. 27.—British troops have reached the western outskirts of Thillois, south of Bapaume. An unconfirmed report states that Montauban and the outskirts of Longueval were reached by the British. Suzanne and Cappy, towns north and south of the Somme, respectively, were captured by Field Marshal Haig's forces. According to reports received here from the British battle front the British took Avesnes les Bapaume, a suburb of Bapaume. The town of St. Leeger has also been captured by the British.

Gain Two Miles in Few Hours.

The first attack in the morning was launched between the Scarpe river at Fainpoux, east of Arras, and the heights northeast of Neville-Vitasse.

In a few hours the British made an advance of two miles on a front of four miles, according to dispatches.

Monchy-Le-Preux, Guemappe and Wancourt, a little less than five miles southeast of Arras, have been taken. Further south the British have taken Mory and made progress to the south-east of the village.

French Take 400 Prisoners.

In the battle area, south of the Somme General Debeney's French army has captured Fresnoy Les Roye, about three miles north of Roye, according to dispatches.

General Mangin's army also has made a slight advance between the Allette and the Aisne. Four hundred prisoners were taken by this army Sunday.

Fighting is reported proceeding at Henin.

French Capture Two Towns.

Paris, Aug. 27.—French forces on the Aisne have captured Fresnoy-Les-Roye and St. Mar. They have also taken more than 900 prisoners, according to the war office announcement.

Defeat Prussian Guard.

With the French Army on the Oise Front, Aug. 27.—Violent counter-attacks launched by the Germans between the River Allette, at Pont Saint Mar and Juvigny, north and west of Soissons, were completely smashed by the French. General Mangin's army is still menacing the German communications between the River Aisne and the Soissons and Laon region.

The French troops are still stoutly holding the positions they have won in this sector and further gains on the plateau to the eastward in the direction of the Chemin des Dames would put the enemy in another dangerous pocket.

The first division of the Prussian guard was brought up, but it gained no success.

The first rush of the Prussian guard gained ground between Pont St. Mar and Orme-de-Montecouve, north of Juvigny. They were obliged to abandon the field soon after, however, leaving behind them a considerable number of dead and 400 wounded prisoners.

British Take 1,500 Huns.

British Headquarters in France, Aug. 27.—British troops on Sunday took another 1,500 prisoners and made a further collection of guns, trench mortars and machine guns. Field Marshal Haig's forces swung forward as far as Longueval in their advance north of the Somme.

Germans Driven Back.

With the British Forces in France, Aug. 27.—British troops in their new drive on the Arras front, are reported to have entered the town of Monchy-Le-Preux and to have captured Orange Hills.

North of Bapaume the Germans have been driven further back. According to a report from the front Bapaume-Beugnotte road and have established themselves there.

The Germans are making great efforts to hold Bapaume, but the town is gradually being surrounded. The British success in pushing back the German line southeast of Arras considerably relieves the position of that city.

Haig's Losses Light.

The British Third and Fourth armies suffered casualties estimated at about 23,500 between August 21 and

August 25, according to advices from the front. During this same period the German losses in prisoners alone have amounted to 20,000 men in the battle east of the Aisne.

The official correspondent with the Australian forces in France telegraphs:

"The Germans are retreating, fighting rear-guard actions. On Saturday night ammunition dumps could be seen burning everywhere."

"About 12,000 Germans have been captured by the Australians alone since August 8, a much greater number than all the Australian casualties."

Yanks Drive Huns From Road.

Aug. 27.—American troops advanced their line a third of a mile on a front of a mile and a quarter, immediately east of Fismes, driving the Germans from the railroad and capturing what had been an advantageous position. As this is cabled, sharp infantry fighting is keeping the whole Vesle front stirred up, but the Boche counter-attacks are fruitless.

Enemy Driven Off.

German patrols reconnoitered the positions, intending to reoccupy them, but a hail of American machine-gun bullets greeted them and drove them back to their line of defense north of the Vesle.

The entire Vesle line was bombarded heavily throughout the day by the Germans with a mixture of sneezing gas and high explosives.

British Enter Bapaume.

London, Aug. 26.—Bapaume, the Germans' great base, was entered by British patrols on Sunday, according to an official statement issued by the British war office. The complete capture of the city is expected momentarily.

The city was entered after General Haig's forces had driven forward on three sides of the stronghold in face of heavy counter-attacks.

A number of important towns were crushed in the advance and complete domination gained of the entire Albert-Bapaume road.

Foot's Line Cracking.

The Germans exhibit signs of cracking at some places, but are offering desperate resistance. Many more guns, some of large caliber, have been taken. One British corps alone has counted 80 guns.

There is evidence of confusion in the enemy rear. Units of the same divisions buried into the battle have been taken at points separated by many miles. Quantities of material are falling into British hands because the Boche has not troubled to apply the torch or explosives.

British patrols were seen entering Martinpuich, where apparently the Boche made good his escape.

Hindenburg Line Reached.

The fringe of Ballecourt, on the old Hindenburg line, seven miles north-east of Bapaume, has been reached by British outposts and Highwood, east of Albert, has been captured.

Austria Sends Aid.

Austro-Hungarian re-enforcements have arrived on the southeastern end of the western front, a number of soldiers from Austrian units having been captured by French patrols in the Woeyre region, says the French official statement.

The British war office also reports the capture on the western front of an Austrian officer and four gunners of an Austro-Hungarian battery. This confirms the presence of Austro-Hungarian artillery units there.

Many Prisoners Taken.

Forty-two German divisions have suffered considerable losses in the present British drive, losing 40,000 soldiers, including several hundred officers, in prisoners alone.

Since August 21 more than 17,000 have passed through the collecting stations of the British Third and Fourth armies.

The total prisoners captured by the allies since July 13, it is asserted, are well over 100,000. It is rumored that General Mangin's army captured an entire German division on one part of its front and half another elsewhere.

U. S. Troops Make Gain.

Paris, Aug. 26.—The American troops in the Fismes sector have advanced as far north as the Soissons-Reims road on a front of more than one-half mile, according to a war office announcement.

Huns Plan to Retreat?

With the American Army on the Vesle Front, Aug. 26.—Observers reported that the German long-range cannon north of the Aisne were firing in the direction of Soissons. They also reported seeing smoke from fires which burned all night at various points between the Vesle and the Aisne. Prisoners recently taken declare they are unable to explain these fires, which have been burning for three days. Belief is growing here that the Germans are being forced to withdraw north of the Vesle.

American Forces on the Lorraine Front.

Aug. 26.—American bombing airplanes dropped 38 bombs on Conflans, a town on the Verdun-Metz railroad. Ten direct hits were obtained.

Unit, Says So in Official Report.

Military experts believe that never before in the history of warfare has the training record been equaled by a recruiting machine.

"I believe that the United States is a cross section of raw civilian population could be whipped into fighting shape in anything like the time that the depot organization has achieved," declared a veteran officer of the Blackhawk division to a correspondent.

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Aug. 23.

—One hundred and twenty-five thousand and lighting men have graduated from the great war "prep school" conducted in Camp Grant by the One Hundred and Sixty-first depot brigade in the last five months. Lieut. Col. G. De Grasse Catlin, commanding the huge

unit, says so in an official report. Military experts believe that never before in the history of warfare has the training record been equaled by a recruiting machine.

"I believe that the United States is a cross section of raw civilian population could be whipped into fighting shape in anything like the time that the depot organization has achieved," declared a veteran officer of the Blackhawk division to a correspondent.

GRANT HAS TRAINING RECORD

Illinois Camp Turns Out 125,000 Men in Less Than Six Months.

Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., Aug. 23.—One hundred and twenty-five thousand and lighting men have graduated from the great war "prep school" conducted in Camp Grant by the One Hundred and Sixty-first depot brigade in the last five months. Lieut. Col. G. De Grasse Catlin, commanding the huge

MRS. AGATHE O. STEWART



Mrs. Agathe O. Stewart, secretary to William C. Redfield, secretary of commerce, now shares with the selection of David Lloyd George (the secretary to a cabinet minister. While not, as she was secretary to Redfield for some years before he went to Washington.

CZECHS DEFEAT THE BOLSHEVIKI

Take Town of Berchneudinsk
and Win Victory Over
Enemy.

ALLIES RETIRE ON USSURI

Entente Forces Outnumbered by
"Reds" in Battle North of Vladivostok—Jap Troops Aid in
Retirement.

London, Aug. 26.—Lord Robert Cecil, British undersecretary for foreign affairs, announced that reports had been received in London that the Czech-Slovak forces in Transbaikalia had captured the town of Berchneudinsk, south of Lake Balkal, and had achieved a decided victory against the bolshevik forces.

Tokyo, Aug. 26.—Japanese troops are advancing beyond Nikol'sk, the war office announced. The Japanese official statement also said that Lieutenant General Otani, commander of the allied forces in eastern Siberia, will command also the Czech-Slovak troops operating there and the anti-bolshevik forces in the maritime provinces of Siberia.

Nikol'sk is an important railroad junction 50 miles north of Vladivostok.

London, Aug. 26.—Allied troops on the Ussuri river from north of Vladivostok, outnumbered by the enemy, have been forced to withdraw after heavy fighting, says a dispatch to the Daily Mail from Harbin.

British and French troops were engaged in the battle, but the brunt of the fighting fell on the Cossack and Czech-Slovak troops. Japanese units aided in the retirement.

Bolshevik monitors operating on Lake Hangan are harassing the allied left and have detained additional Czech forces. Commands are being given the bolsheviks in German.

The Ussuri river forms the eastern boundary of Manchuria.

Russian Red guards, after the capture of Simbirsk, on the Volga, according to a Moscow dispatch to the Hamburg Nachrichten, publicly hanged in the market place 300 Czech-Slovak prisoners. The hangings, it is declared, were a reprisal for "atrocities" committed in the town during its occupation by the Czechs.

MINNESOTA GALE KILLS 34

One Hundred Hurt and 20 Missing
When Tornado Wipes Out Business Section of Tyler.

Tyler, Minn., Aug. 24.—Thirty-four dead, 20 missing and 100 injured is the toll here of a tornado which swept this town and southeastern Minnesota Wednesday. The tornado tore through the heart of the town, sparing one building, a moving picture theater, in which 200 persons were sheltered. Eighteen persons were in a restaurant when the walls collapsed. Sixteen were killed and the other two were seriously injured. In addition to the business places, 40 residences, the hospital, electric light plant and other buildings were destroyed. Destruction of the electric light plant and the city water works, with the first shocks of the storm, plunged the city in darkness.

Drive Off German Boats.

London, Aug. 27.—British and French patrol boats drove off 13 German motorboats encountered off Dunkirk, according to an admiralty announcement. One of the German craft is believed to have been sunk.

Army Officer Killed.

Evansville, Ind., Aug. 27.—Arch D. Worsham, thirty, son of the late A. J. Worsham, for many years mayor of Henderson, Ky., was killed July 31 while leading a command in No Man's Land.

18 TO 45 DRAFT WINS IN HOUSE

London of New York and Gordon
of Ohio Oppose
Measure.

FINAL VOTE WAS 336 TO 2

Farmers Are to Be Placed in Deferred
Classes if Senate Accepts Amend-
ment—Fight to Call Youths
Last Falls.

Washington, Aug. 27.—By a vote of 336 to 2 the house passed the administration man-power bill on Saturday, making the draft age limits eighteen to forty-five years, substantially as drafted by the war department.

The only votes against the bill were cast by Representative Meyer of New York, Socialist, and Representative Gordon of Ohio, Democrat.

The new man-power bill is passed by the house of representatives provides for extension of the army draft to men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five.

Amendments to the bill agreed to by the house provide that members of congress and state legislators are not amenable to the draft; that farmers are to be placed in deferred classes; that the provost marshal general may cause men to be re-examined after boards, and that citizens of co-belligerent countries will be subject to the draft except where treaties would be violated.

An attempt to have men between the ages of eighteen and twenty called only after all in class 1 over thirty-one years had been called failed.

The senate failed to reach a vote, as had been expected. So many senators indicated a desire to discuss the bill that Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the senate military affairs committee, foreseeing the impossibility of reaching a vote asked that it go over until Monday.

The Gregg amendment, adopted Friday, making officers of the executive and legislative branches of the government subject to the draft, was defeated on a second vote, 143 to 80.

The house also voted down the amendment offered by Representative Madden of Illinois providing that no employee of the executive departments of the government should be granted exemption or deferred classification simply because of the nature of his employment.

Representative Black of Texas forced a showdown on the question of drafting workers who strike after being exempted for essential industry. He proposed an amendment similar to that recommended by the senate military committee. It was rejected 91 to 52.

The house agreed to an amendment offered by Representative Treadway of Massachusetts giving the provost marshal general broader authority in dealing with local draft boards. The amendment would enable the provost marshal general, if dissatisfied with the work of a local board, to send special examiner into the district to re-examine the men in deferred classifications.

The Treadway, McCulloch and Campbell amendments, adopted Friday constitute the only important changes made by the house in the bill. The McCulloch amendment orders the drafting of the resident subjects of nations co-belligerent with the United States unless they are specifically exempted by treaty. The Campbell amendment specifically authorizes the placing of persons engaged in agricultural occupations in deferred classes.

RAID FIVE GERMAN CITIES

British Flyers Attack Frankfurt, Cologne and Other Centers—Good Results Observed.

London, Aug. 26.—Five important towns in Germany and five hostile air-dromes were heavily bombarded by British aerial squadrons on the night of August 21-22, according to an official statement issued by the British air ministry. Military objectives at Frankfurt and Cologne, the statement adds, were heavily attacked and good results were observed.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Herman F. Schuetzler, Chicago's chief of police, died Thursday night at Alexian Brothers' hospital after a prolonged illness, during which he rallied and relapsed many times. Chief Schuetzler had been ill for a number of months and was on extended leave of absence. He returned to Chicago two months ago from Florida, where he had been in a vain attempt to regain health. Chief Schuetzler, Chicago's most famous policeman, was born July 14, 1861.

CHICAGO POLICE CHIEF DIES

Herman F. Schuetzler Succumbs at Hospital After a Long Illness.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Herman F. Schuetzler, Chicago's chief of police, died Thursday night at Alexian Brothers' hospital after a prolonged illness, during which he rallied and relapsed many times. Chief Schuetzler had been ill for a number of months and was on extended leave of absence. He returned to Chicago two months ago from Florida, where he had been in a vain attempt to regain health. Chief Schuetzler, Chicago's most famous policeman, was born July 14, 1861.

REP. H. A. COOPER INJURED

Congressman From Wisconsin Hurt in Accident While on Way to Edgerton to Make Speech.

Janesville, Wis., Aug. 26.—Congressman Henry Allen Cooper suffered a severe sprain of his neck when thrown from a taxi as he was driving to Edgerton to deliver a speech on Friday. He was removed to the Mercy hospital and taken to his home in Racine late in the afternoon.

Uruguay Minister Sees Lansing

Washington, Aug. 26.—Formal calls were exchanged between Dr. Baltasar Bruin, foreign minister of Uruguay, who arrived here Thursday at the head of a special mission as the guest of the nation, and Secretary Lansing.

Argentina Seizes Meat

Buenos Aires, Aug. 26.—The municipal authorities of Buenos Aires have taken over the supervision of the sale of meat to the public. This step was ordered by President Irigoyen in an effort to combat high prices.

PERSHING IN STEEL HELMET



This is the latest picture of Gen. John J. Pershing, commander in chief of the American expeditionary forces, wearing his steel helmet.

RUSS WAR WITH U. S.

VICE CONSUL LOWERS FLAG AT PETROGRAD CONSULATE.

More American Troops Land at Vladivostok—Two Ally Consuls Created for Russia.

Washington, Aug. 24.—Because the bolshevik government declared a state of war exists between Russia and the United States, Vice Consul Imbrie has lowered the United States flag over the consulate at Petrograd, closed the consulate and placed the affairs of the United States in charge of the Norwegian government. Americans in Petrograd, of whom there are approximately 20, have been warned to leave the country by the vice consul. Their houses were searched, one of them is under arrest and one is hiding.

The Thirty-first regiment of regulars has arrived at Vladivostok from Manila, Secretary Baker announced.

To co-ordinate the efforts of the allies and the United States in Russia an official dispatch from France says it has been decided to create two international councils, one at Archangel, including the entente ambassadors under the presidency of Ambassador Francis of the United States, the other at Vladivostok, to be composed of five high officials. On the Vladivostok council Great Britain will be represented by Sir Charles Elliot, France by Eugene Regnault, former ambassador to Japan, and Japan by M. Matsudaira. It was said at the state department that an American representative had not been named.

REVENUE BILL IS READY

House Ways and Means Committee Decides on Compromise of McAdoo and Kitchin Plans.

Washington, Aug. 23.—The drafting of the \$5,000,000,000 revenue bill was practically completed on Wednesday when the house ways and means committee tentatively adopted a schedule of excess profits taxes which is a compromise between the Kitchin and McAdoo taxation plans. The committee adopted the McAdoo suggestion of 80 per cent war profits tax, with a flat tax probably will be levied on profits in excess of the average for the three years of 1911-12-13.

The excess profits schedule adopted allows a single deduction of 8 per cent.

On profits of 8 to 15 per cent a tax of 85 per cent will be levied and on profits of from 15 to 20 per cent the tax will be 60 per cent.

On profits above 20 per cent the tax will be 70 per cent.

The war profits and excess profits taxes were made alternative, with power given to the treasury to levy whichever in any given case will bring the larger returns.

The schedule is only tentative, but it is expected that it will be approved and incorporated into the bill which will be reported out.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Three American marines were killed and one wounded in a bloody fight with bandits in the Selbo province of Santo Domingo on August 13. A report reaching here says many of the bandits were killed or captured. The dead marines, who are buried at San Pedro Macoris, are: Corporal Bascome Breeden, Archville, Tenn.; Private Russell W. Jones, 2225 Seventh avenue, Altoona, Pa., and Private Joseph C. Haydel, New Orleans.

THREE U. S. SHIPS SUNK

American Vessels Destroyed in Foreign Waters by German Submarines.

Washington, Aug. 23.—Sinking of three American vessels in foreign waters by German submarines was announced by the navy department. The steamship Lake Edon, an army chartered cargo transport, was sunk August 21; the U. S. S. West Bridge, 8,800 tons, August 16, and the U. S. S. Cubore, 7,300 tons, August 15. Sixteen of the crew of the Lake Edon are missing, 30 having been accounted for. Three men were reported lost in the sinking of the West Bridge. There was no loss of life among the crew of the Cubore. The West Bridge and Cubore were homeward bound.

THREE U. S. MARINES KILLED

Americans Slay Large Number of Bandits in Fight in Selbo Province of Santo Domingo.

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186,733 IN DRAFT CALL

Selects Will Entrain Between September 3 and 6—40,503 Called for Limited Service.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The first draft call for September, issued on Saturday by Provost Marshal General Crowder, summons a total of 186,733 men.

The call provides for the entrainment between September 3 and 6 of 125,000 white and 21,270 colored men for general military service and 40,503 white men for limited service.

Ship Sinks; Twenty-One Missing.

Watch Hill, Ill., Aug. 27.—The steamer George Hudson, in the coast fisheries service, struck on the rocks off here in a heavy fog and sank. Three of her crew have reached shore. The steamer carried a crew of 24.

Car Kills Five in Auto.

Logansport, Ind., Aug. 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Bert McClain, Mrs. Pearl Lantz and Mrs. Guy Taylor and three-year-old child, all of Camden, Ind., were killed when their automobile was struck by an Interurban.

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

Here's Laundry Hint Gleaned From the Marines

WASHINGTON.—Information always comes in handy, especially when you need it, while fishing for something else. As the American and French troops were raised at the celebration of Bastille day every man on the Ellipse took off his hat except the marines on guard.

A patriotic young lady, who is going to heaven when she dies, provided she takes as good care of her person as her glassy pink finger nails, objected to the omission, but as no one paid the least attention to her, she was all there was to that—except.

A woman who happened to be standing next to a uniformed youngster camp leave inquired into the matter and learned that no marine may take off his hat when he is wearing his belt. Being a sociable chap, glad of the chance to talk to so obviously a nice woman, he told of soldier life generally, until he came at last to the inside information that: "Every marine is his own clerk."

This explains for you why it is that some uniforms look so much niftier than others, from a laundry point of view.

Also, it may account for a wise government's changing army blue for a color that won't show dirt. You have to know the reason of a thing to have proper respect for its value.

A marine has to wash a uniform every day—and he has four, unless it is more or less, for a listener gets the wires crossed now and then—and uses a brush instead of a washboard, which saves wear and tear on the garments, to say nothing of his knuckles and immortal soul.

So now you know what to do when tubbing time comes to help you win the war, and also—which is really more important—the lady of the glassy pink nails will find from this important document just why the marines kept their hats.

Woman Is Going to Insist on Tucks and Frills

FASHION hasn't worn cotton since the war. Everything is silk." The clerk said it to a mere everyday customer who had dared to mention cotton. With the information went a couple of shrugs that told each other that of course some women would continue to stick to cotton, with another shrug to finish the inference with the proper shading of scorn.

Official information is a handy thing to own, but it has its drawbacks. It put worry lines between the eyes of the customer as she left the shop, wondering what is going to happen with skirts on the blink. But she might have saved herself the wear and tear of her emotions, for the first person she saw when she got outside was a broom-handle sister who insisted upon wearing her tucks and frills to the very beach of the River of Styx. And after that, at comforting intervals, came:

A tremendously stout woman who didn't give a hang for straight fronts, but wore her contour as unconcernedly as if she were the first edition of *Milo*, diked off in spotty black lawn.

A middle-aged woman with the sort of Roman chin that will insist upon what it wants until kingdom come, and one of the things the woman apparently wanted just then to the extent of possessing in all its glory was a white skirt showing lace inserts under blue flowered mull.

There were others, but these will serve, so the customer's worry lines went out of business, and as woman must express herself or die she paused before a plaster lady in a store window—a passe plaster lady, chipped a trifle and clothed in a shopworn suit marked down.

"Wax ladies may do as they please, but you and I and the rest of us runs of the mill are going to stick to our coats, even after the war, when knickers come in fashion."

And anybody who supposes that plaster lady failed to smile response is simply not acquainted with plaster ladies.

Proof That Kind Act Is Not Always Appreciated

AN AUTOMOBILE stood in front of a theater. It was an imposing car of brown leather, burnished brass and allied flags, and as its owner came out of the theater—movie—was getting aboard, two girl children asked with the wheedling confidence—some call it impudence—that goes with innocence and shedding teeth:

"Say, mister, give us a ride. Jinny ain't never been in a nauty automobile."

The man paid no attention and whizzed away.

They were only tads of the street, but it would have been worth while, perhaps, to give two stepchildren of fortune a memory that might have lasted them a lifetime.

And perhaps, again, have got the most arrested for kidnapping—you never can tell. It seems the right thing always to do a kindly action offhand, but consider the case of one friendly man who lives up Capitol hill way:

Being a stranger here for responsible war work, he naturally gets a bit lonely for oldtime friends and associations, but being also a wholesome and buoyantly healthful person, soul and body, takes all the pleasures that come his way and always does his best to pass them on. The other afternoon his car was at the curb, and, as it was inconvenient just then for the friend in the house to go riding, he humored the children next door who had been begging him for pennies, cones and the like, by taking two of them for a ride. When he returned after a short spin it was supposed that was all there was to it, but, dear me, no! The mother objected to a strange man's taking her children in his car.

So, you see, you never can tell.

Possibly Wartime Conditions Brought This About

HE WAS the happiest man in Washington. That's a pretty broad statement, but he said it himself, and he ought to know. "You see, it is this way," he was heard to say: "For many months I had been eating around, here and there and everywhere. And something always bothered me. Maybe you have experienced it. In winter and summer it is always the same, only the medium is changed."

"Talk United States? Sure! What I'm complaining about is that in wartime Washington—in winter, say—you can't ever get your second cup of coffee as hot as the first, or with as much cream in it. And in summer the second glass of ice tea is warm. Ask me not why this is true. There is no valid reason why the second cup of coffee should not be as hot as the first, or why the second cup should be 'dark' instead of 'light.' Nor have I ever been able to find a real excuse for your second glass of ice tea coming to you lukewarm, with an invisible piece of ice in it."

"I threatened, besought and bewailed, and all were of no avail. I must go through life, I thought, accepting a lukewarm second cup of coffee and a tepid second glass of ice tea."

"But now all that is changed. My second cup of coffee is steaming and my second glass of ice tea looks like an iceberg afloat on an amber sea. Oh, boy!"

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YANK SOLDIERS COOL, WILLING AND DETERMINED

Our Doughboys Mean Business
When They Take the First-
Line Trenches.

THEIR EFFICIENCY EVIDENT

Veterans Before They Enter the
Trenches, by First-Rate Military
Training If Not by Experience
—Every Man in Line Has
Personal Grudge to
Settle With Huns.

With the American Troops in Alsace-Lorraine.—By the dim light of the moon you could barely see the stream of doughboys pouring out of the sheltering woods and scrapping over the dusty French road toward the trenches. They said very little and trudged along with that measured swinging tread which enables Europe's veterans to carry their heavy packs almost unheeded of distance.

The stream seemed unending, as the United Press staff car picked its way from squad to squad without using lights, without falling in ditches and without touching a single doughboy. Finally one section of the human stream halted in a ruined village. The press car stopped, too, for beyond this point everything except ammunition and food goes on foot.

The officers gave the order to rest, and a lot of packs dropped to the ground, followed by doughboys. Their rifles they never dropped. In the moonlight you could see the ground covered with resting soldiers, mostly sitting. There was a clicking of rifles and sounds of tightening packs, and bits of gossip which could come only from a group heading for its first night in the trenches.

Indifferent to Danger.
These were Uncle Sam's citizen soldiers, new men just over from "the states," as they have a habit of calling home when over here. A few questions revealed the fact that a year ago these boys were clerks, carpenters, students and whatnot, in civilian clothes. Six months ago they were in a training camp. Now they were soldiers in France, and tonight they were making their genuine debut into the war for civilization.

There was no wild enthusiasm nor any evidence of fear or other apprehension among these citizen-soldiers as they rested before making the last lap into the trenches. There was a matter-of-fact sort of confidence; prevalent, and every man was making the most of the breathing spell to see that he was 100 per cent ready for battle. Interest and talk centered around the clicking rifles and other equipment.

"This old gun's sure going to do some work from now on," said one doughboy to his pal, as he played with the rifle fondly. "It's the best gun in this army."

"Say, you never shot this gun," replied the other. "Nobody ever did, and nobody will but me. It's a Boche-getter. It was made for me 'specially, Bo."

Officers went through the crowd, giving a final warning about use of gas masks, and attention centered around masks for a moment. A lot of claps tried them on again. Then packs again were adjusted, and the group of doughboys streamed slowly on.

Ready for Business.
As they got nearer the front trenches the word was passed to walk more quietly. Conversation except in undertones stopped, and they descended into trenches. All you heard was the steady knock of hobbled shoes on the trench duckboards, as these new arrivals were quietly infiltrated to the trenches in France. Quietly and without commotion the officers stationed their men, with lookouts watching across moonlit No Man's Land, the former occupants of the trenches left, and the relief was completed.

There is something about the fearlessness of these new doughboys that makes you feel they know a lot about warfare. They are veterans before they enter the trenches, by first-rate military training if not experience. Their discipline is fine, and their efficiency tells you they are ready for business—meaning whipping Germans.

"Well, you can tell Kaiser Bill we're here to fight," said one doughboy, as he took his station. "Hear the Germans say we're just a crowd of untrained boys. We'll soon show them we're soldiers."

It happens this doughboy's platoon did it very soon. The next night 150

DAKOTA "PRAIRIE DOG" BECOMES "DEVIL DOG"

St. Paul, Minn.—"Say, pard, I'm a 'prairie dog' from North Dakota and I want to go over there and become a 'devil dog,'" and, relieving himself of this sentiment, William D. Knickerbocker of Dodge, N. D., took his place in line in the United States marine recruiting station here.

Knickerbocker passed an almost perfect physical test and is now on his way to Paris Island, S. C., to the marine training station there.

Germans came over, and fifty of these "untrained boys" withstood the attack and stuck to their guns. The Germans who were still alive and able to run, retreated, double-quick time.

All in Day's Work.

Speaking of the way the newly arrived Americans take to the trenches and to their duties, one brigadier general, who had just finished a complete relief, said: "They're not exactly glad to get into the trenches. I guess no one is glad of that. But these boys all figure it's work to be done, and they're here to lick Germans. They're keen to get the job done. They're confident, all right, but not boastful, because they know there's a lot to learn."

A doughboy gave his version of how he and his pals felt while out there facing No Man's Land for the first time. "We're not scared of the Germans, and when the time comes, we'll show them. We're going to do our best, which is about all they ask of us. Believe me, it's going to be a mighty good best."

The new men in the fighting game adapt themselves to the front quickly as did the first Americans over. Every night it is "over the top" for patrols of them, and in a few days they are entirely familiar with No Man's Land. The German front trenches next fall in the line of investigation and the Germans soon adopt the policy of falling back to avoid fighting.

Back of the lines on the home side, bank clerks, barbers and men of every profession who have temporarily become soldiers soon make themselves at home among the ruins and in woods. They eat army "grub" and relish it more than the most delicate meal they ever ate from a white linen covered table and real dishes, especially if there has been work to do. Soldiering agrees with them, you can see, by the work they do, the meals they eat and the huskies they have become.

Chauffeur Gets "Fresh."
Discipline is fine, even if it is hard. A major tells how his chauffeur became a little "fresh" one day. Knowing the doughboy was a good chap, the major took him aside and talked to him instead of "hawling him out" before the crowd. The doughboy apologized.

"I'm sorry, major," he said. "You see I own a couple of businesses here in New York, and have more than a million dollars in my own name, and it's a little hard to remember my place in the army now. But I'll do it, some how."

You think you are in an international army when you visit some of the new American units now in the lines. One company from New York boasts that its members know seventeen languages, and if you wander in on them about mess time, when talking and plates full of "grub" have been emptied, you are convinced.

But all of these doughboys are ardent Americans, and they have won the admiration of their comrades who can speak the tongue without an accent. They are all snappy looking soldiers.

Sure of Success.

The new units have dragged their clean and fresh-looking equipment, such as supply wagons, camp kitchens, machine-gun outfits and all that is needed up into the Alsace and Lorraine hills. The line runs up and down steep mountain sides and across pretty valleys. It is beautiful country and a fine place to be infiltrated to the front, for the doughboy must be on the alert all the time. In this area there is a shell-swept, well-wired No Man's Land across which Germans cannot come without being easily detected. Woods and hills and wild country make the place one in which only strict attention to business will keep the Germans out.

These doughboys in the line have no hankering to "take things easy." Every man in the line will tell you in confidential tones that he has a personal grudge to settle with the Huns for dragging the world into this nasty business, and the sooner aggressive action is taken the sooner Germany is going to be punished and war made a thing of the past.

This is the job every doughboy figures he has to do, and the confidence with which he takes to the trenches tells the world he will succeed.

DUCHESS OF ATHOLL



The Duchess of Atholl, one of the prettiest women in England, and the wife of the new duke of Atholl, who has inherited many peerages and prerogatives from his ancestors, including a cathedral in Perthshire and the right to maintain an armed guard of a thousand men with artillery complete.

BROTHERS ARE RECONCILED

Enlistment in Marine Corps Ends Feud of More Than Two Years' Standing.

St. Louis.—Two brothers who have not spoken to each other for two years, although they slept in the same bed and ate at the same table, became reconciled through their enlistment in the Marine corps.

The boys are Dan and Angelo Tarantola of this city. Dan is twenty and Angelo eighteen. They fell out when Angelo broke up a game of marbles in which his brother was playing.

Angelo joined the Marine corps. His brother learned of it and came to the train to bid him farewell. After becoming reconciled there Dan decided to join the marines and be with his brother.

So he enlisted two days later and the brothers are now at Paris Island, S. C., where they are again fast friends, after two years' part of silence.

HEART RIGHT SIDE, REJECTED

Patriot Who Tried Twice to Enlist Has Cardiac Organ in Right Breast.

Philadelphia.—Another freak of nature was uncovered recently, when Dr. John H. Bailey, medical director of local board No. 22, refused to accept George W. Nicholson for the army because his heart was on the wrong side, even though it was on his right. Nicholson is thirty years old and pleaded desperately to go. Some months ago he tried to enlist, but was turned down because he was under weight, his examiners at that time being unaware of his cardiac peculiarities. When he was called for examination before the draft board Doctor Bailey made the discovery of the true location of his heart.

HAS FIVE BOYS IN WAR

Mrs. A. P. White Is the Champion War Mother of Tennessee.

Knoxville, Tenn.—The champion war mother of Tennessee, and, perhaps, of Dixie, is Mrs. A. P. White of Powell Station, Knox county. She has five sons in the service; Captain Roy D. White, Lieutenant John H. White, Private William Homer White, Cook Marvin B. White and Private Edgar White.

"All my boys volunteered," she declares proudly.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

Came to this Woman after
Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound to
Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles.

I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 8, Ellensburg, Wash.

There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.

Clear Your Skin
While You Sleep
with Cuticura

All druggists. Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢. Telum 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. References. References. References.

Invest Now New Investment Banking Company Organizing, Stock low priced, 100 shares \$100.00. 218 Stewart Bldg., Houston, Texas

HADLEY WILLING TO FORGET

Subject of Dislocated Jaws Seldom Selected for Conversation by Head of Yale University.

Arthur Hadley, president of Yale university, is an honored authority on many subjects, but he declines to include among them dislocated jaws. Thereby hangs this tale.

The educator was sharing his state-room on a Fall River boat with a pleasant gentleman who had otherwise slept on a cot in the open cabin, when, well along toward morning, he heard, coming from the upper berth, sounds of gagging and gargling and moaning. Jumping up and switching on the light he saw his acquaintance was suffering greatly. His chin was on his breast, his mouth rigidly open, his eyes tight closed and perspiration on his forehead.

"Be calm, sir," cried Mr. Hadley. "I know just what to do."

Wrapping a towel around his thumbs to save them from the release, he climbed up beside the man, knelt by his shoulders, began to work the jaw into its place—and then spent the rest of the night trying to explain himself! For it was only a case of nightmare.

Messenger to Grandpa.

"There, now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there, now, grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?"

And shortly afterward, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, she went running to his bedside with the glasses in her hand and a message on her lips.

"You goin' to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Goin' to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are grandpa's spectacles. Will you take them to him?"

Chicago woman has started crusade against cats to conserve food.

Philadelphia shoos dogs found tearing up war gardens.

One Wear and Tear on that boy of yours during the active years of childhood and youth necessitates a real building food.

Grape-Nuts
supplies the
essentials for
vigorous minds
and bodies at
any age.

"There's a Reason"

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"There's a Reason"

RURAL NEWS

LAKE VILLA

Edna Wallace was home over Sunday. E. L. Wald and family drove to Chicago Sunday.

Herbert Nelson was in Chicago on business Thursday.

Mrs. Gray and son of Chicago spent Saturday with relatives here.

Mrs. C. B. Hamlin attended the C. N. D. meeting at Area Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Phillippi entertained the former's sister from Kolze last week.

The Miller family was called the first of the week by the serious illness of Mrs. Margaret Miller.

Saturday was a big Swift day at Dixon's store and large quantities of Swift products were sold.

Mrs. Lee Nelson underwent a serious operation in Chicago Friday, her sister Mrs. Ola Barnstable was with her.

Mrs. Gilmore, who has spent the past six weeks with her sister, Mrs. B. J. Hooper has returned to her home in Iowa.

The W. S. S. meeting Saturday evening resulted in the sale of \$3,375.00 worth of stamps. The Jackie band furnished stirring music.

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Daniels and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hamlin enjoyed an auto trip to Kirkland Sunday and spent the day with Rev. and Mrs. Evans.

Prepare to attend the Ladies Aid bazaar Saturday evening of this week at the park. A good variety of aprons and fancy articles will be on sale by the ladies. Ice cream and cake will be served and a concert will be given by a band of Jackies during the evening.

MILLBURN

Mrs. Jane Jamison fell last week and broke her wrist.

Miss Madge Strang is spending this week in Waukegan.

Theo Strang of Waukegan is spending this week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Achen and children of Kenosha spent Sunday here.

C. E. Denman and wife entertained company from Wilmette and Chicago Sunday.

The Hockaday school opens Monday, Sept. 2, with Miss Aneta Hucker of Antioch, as teacher.

Mrs. Emma Hughes and nephew Ralph Spafford of LaSalle, and Alfred Spafford of Chicago are spending a few weeks on the home place.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends and school mates of Letha, who sent her such beautiful flowers, fruit and other dainties during her long illness. Their kindness will long be remembered.

Mr. and Mrs. Sol LaPlant.

TREVOR

Mrs. Tom Toney was in Chicago on Monday.

Mrs. Mickel was a Chicago shopper Monday.

Mrs. Joseph Smith was an Antioch shopper Thursday.

Threshers have about completed their work in this vicinity.

Mrs. Wedele entertained a friend from Chicago Monday.

Wm. Mecklenberg transacted business in Chicago Thursday.

Geo. Patrick and son visited Hiram Patrick of Randall Sunday.

Mrs. Shubert of Chicago is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rumpesky.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Brown and daughter were in Kenosha Saturday.

Mrs. Hattie Curtis and children were Kenosha shoppers Wednesday.

Monday morning the fast train killed a horse belonging to Mr. Holcher.

Mrs. Potwin and daughter of Austin spent over Sunday with Mrs. Shreck.

Miss Daisy and Harold Mickel spent the week-end with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. Mary Klein of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. McKay.

There was a large crowd at the dance Saturday evening given by the Mystic Workers.

Mrs. Anna Zajicek and grandson of Chicago were week-end visitors at the D. A. McKay home.

Geo. Patrick had one hundred and two bushels of wheat from a little over two acres of land.

School will commence Monday, Sept. 2, with Miss Alla Burroughs of Dodge and Miss Grace Sheen.

John Mutz Jr., who is taking some special training in Chicago spent over Sunday with home folks.

Lester and Ellen Knudson attended the Antioch M. E. Sunday School picnic held in Sylvan woods last Thursday.

Vivian Janks, the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Janks of Camp Lake, hotel passed away Wednesday morning. The community extends sympathy.

Mr. Marty returned Tuesday after a few days visit with friends in Madison. Mrs. Marty and daughter Lena will visit relatives in Marshfield before they return.

Miss Myrtle Westlake of Camp Lake is taking the place of Miss Fanny Bruel in Shreck's store while Miss Bruel is taking a few days vacation visiting friends in Chicago.

It was not on account of the shortage of milk here as stated last week that caused this factory to discontinue the making of cheese for a time and deliver the milk to Spring Grove, but a shortage at the Spring Grove condensing factory, who were unable to fill their government orders.

WILMOT

Father Brasky of Bristol spent Tuesday in Wilmot.

Mary Swenson is visiting friends at Batavia this week.

Frank Kruckman has disposed of his touring car to Mr. Roberts.

Roland Hegeman of Camp Hancock, Ga., has been promoted to a corporal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baldwin of Chicago were the guests of Ermine Carey Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stensel have received a card announcing the safe arrival of their son Otto, overseas.

Mrs. and Mrs. Louis Hegeman have received word that their son Leland, of the 85th division, had arrived safely overseas.

Mrs. Lois and Edna spent the week in Milwaukee where Edna underwent an operation for the removal of adenoids and tonsils.

There will be a lawn social for the benefit of the Holy Name church, at the Jank's hotel grounds on the night of Saturday, Aug. 31.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Hegeman, Vera Hegeman, Mrs. Walter Wynn and son motored to the Great Lakes to witness the maneuvers Wednesday.

Edna, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bowman, was married at Waukegan, on Wednesday, Aug. 24, to Jos. Deechlen of Racine.

Mrs. Carey and children and Miss Ethier accompanied Clarence Ethier as far as Kenosha Sunday night when he returned to the Great Lakes.

Miss Edith Darby left on Monday to attend the Cook county institute in Chicago. She will begin teaching again at Berwin, September first.

Word of the death of Frank, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Swenson, of Phoenix, and also of the serious illness of Mrs. Swenson has been received here.

The Misses Jacobson, of Burlington, spent Monday with Clare Ethier, and Ermine Carey. The latter accompanied them home for a visit at Bohner's lake for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterman, of Kankakee are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. J. Buckley, Jr., this week. Their daughter Ruth, who has been spending the summer with Mrs. Buckley will return home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. James Madden, of English Prairie, received a telegram from Ontario, Canada, as follows: Sincerely regret to inform you Jas. P. Madden, infantry, officially reported admitted to third Austrian General hospital, Abbeville, Aug. 11, gun shot wound in right leg. The students of the U. F. H. school will recall James well as he is a graduate of the same and the first one of the graduates to be wounded in action.

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Boulden, Pvt. Edward Boulden acknowledged the receipt of the U. F. H. school Alumni letter and wished to have his thanks for the same extended to the members of the Alumni. He is operating a searchlight on the enemy planes outside the city of Paris, thus enabling the gunners of his company to fire upon them. He is much pleased with his experience and says he would not miss any of it despite the danger.

The funeral of Vivian, the five years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Janks of Camp Lake, was held at the Holy Name church, Friday morning at ten o'clock. Preceding the celebration of the Angels mass, Father Brasky gave a short sermon on the death of a little child. Arthur Buckley was soloist and sang Gounad's Ave Maria and Lead Kindly Light in a very touching manner. The active pall bearers were Harriet and Florence Greip, and Lottie and Edna Elbert. The honorary pall bearers were four little girls dressed in white and carrying the beautiful flowers sent by many friends. Two little boys preceded the pall bearers and carried candles. Little Vivian was taken seriously ill scarcely a week before her death and although the best doctors obtainable were secured, they were unable to prolong her life. Mr. and Mrs. Janks have the sympathy of the community in their sorrow.

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our most sincere thanks to those who rendered us assistance during the illness of our loved one, also to the singers and to those who furnished floral emblems.

A. P. Little and family.

J. L. REDDING, D. V. M.

Veterinary Surgeon

Calls Answered Promptly

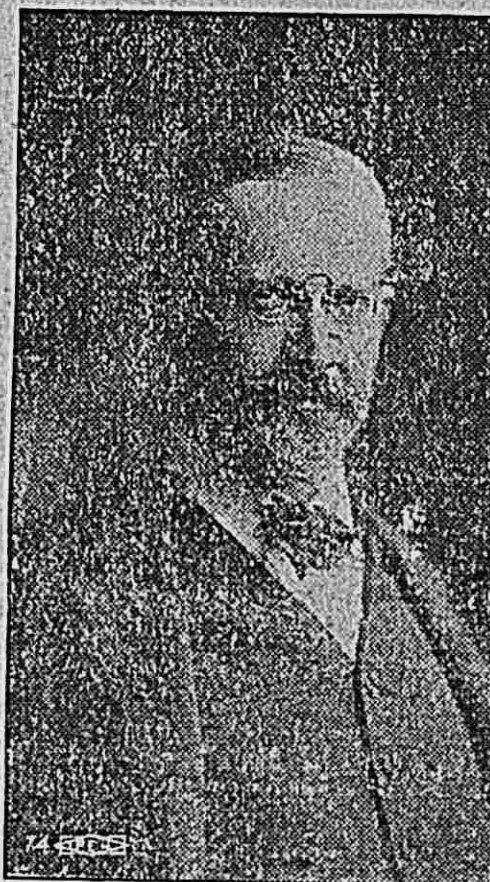
Phones / Antioch, 164 R 1

Local, 1 L, 1 S, 1 L.

RUSSELL, ILL.

STOP - LISTEN

ARTHUR K. STEARNS



WHO HE IS--Born July 20, 1873--Graduated at Harvard University 1895--Traveled for nearly a year in the various European countries--Admitted to the bar as a lawyer at Springfield, Ill., in 1896--Founded The Waukegan Daily and Weekly Sun with the assistance of W. J. Smith in 1897--Founded Flour and Feed Journal with the help of John W. Barwell in 1900--The Woman's Magazine of New York the next

year--The only republican elected from Lake County in fifteen years (1909-11)--Secured the passage of six laws now on the senate books.

STANDS FOR--State aid to the disabled soldiers of the great war--The abolishment of the enemy language newspapers--A new constitution for Illinois--A fish hatchery for Waukegan--Bills for municipal improvement--To represent Lake County in the highest and best sense.

VOTE FOR

ARTHUR K. STEARNS

Give Me Three Votes and Re-Elect Me Where I Belong

---Thanks

CHAS. M. MODERWELL

Candidate for Congress for the Tenth District

Was born in Geneseo, Ill., in 1868. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage, his ancestors having come to America in 1690. He has lived in Illinois all his life, in Chicago for nearly thirty years, and in the Tenth District for nineteen years.

Mr. Moderwell received his early education in the public schools of this state, and later attended Wooster College at Wooster, Ohio, where he graduated in 1889.

Mr. Moderwell is an independent coal operator of many years' experience. Last year he went to Washington as a member of the committee on coal production of the Council of National Defense, where he remained continuously for about nine months. Later, he assisted the state fuel administrator of Cook county during the coal crisis of last winter.

Mr. Moderwell is a member of the Presbyterian church, vice-president of the City Club of Chicago, chairman of the Political Action Committee of the Union League Club, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce. He is married

and has one child, a boy fourteen years of age. He resides at 5941 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago.

In submitting his candidacy to you, we do not appeal to any particular faction in our party. This is no time for factional politics among candidates for Congress. We ask the support of all voters, regardless of factional lines.

The supreme demand today is to win the war. As a member of Congress, Mr. Moderwell will devote his full energy with that end in view. He will give whole-hearted support to every administrative measure for the accomplishment of this great purpose. He is for the country first, and the party next. He is 100 per cent loyal, by deed, training and ancestry.

Mr. Moderwell is unalterably opposed to any form of an inconclusive peace. He is an advocate of a national budget system, a central appropriating body in the House of Representatives, and the elimination of the many useless and inactive committees. He is free to give his entire time and attention to congressional work.

Moderwell Campaign Committee.

Remember the date of the Primary--September 11, 1918.

It is more important to vote then than at the November election.



VOTE FOR

LEW A. HENDEE

For County Clerk

Republican Candidate for Re-Election, will be a vote for Efficiency in Public Office.

Eight Years' Experience, Tried and Proved Capable.

"HE KNOWS HIS JOB"